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THOUGHTS ON A FARMHOUSE DIRGE.

THE present poet-laureate of England is no philosopher, but an observant man of the world· Like him from whom he has inherited the laurel, Mr. Alfred Austin has much of the lyrical passion and the wonderful knack of minting phrases. To him, the poet of the seasons, and the laureate of the English Spring, Nature is no patroness, *protégée,* or consolatress as many a lyrical poet conceives her to be. But she forms the warp and woof of all his melodious verses; she 'is a presence that interpenetrates his work, a power in secret league with his own faculties.' Nowhere among his writings can we find in so short a compass apt illustrations of all his striking characteristics,—especially the unobtrusiveness of Nature,—as in the *Dirge* that we have chosen for the nonce.

The *Farmhouse Dirge* is the beautiful lament of a farmer's thrifty wife at the loss of her favourite daughter, Edith, who was a great helping hand to her mother in the labours of the farm and in the duties of her home. The Lady of the Farm pays her a visit of condolence, and the mourner finds a great relief in it. A mother losing a pretty daughter is a matter of daily occurrence; and this common mournful incident is made the subject-matter of a pretty long poem of a hundred and fifty lines in octometre. It is no wonder that the poet has done so. If friendship can inspire poets to produce lays twice or twice ten times as long as this, the charge against the *Dirge* as a lengthy one falls to the ground, especially when it is viewed as the expression of a mother's intense grief. *Lycidas* mourns the death of Milton's college-friend, Edward King, a budding youth destined for the clerical profession. The short swallow-flights of

song, counting a hundred and thirty-three, that compose the monumental *In Memoriam*, describe the progress of the grief-laden soul of Tennyson from blank despair to perfect trust in the Supreme Source of all life and strength. Unlike Milton's King, Arthur Hallam, who wore "all that weight of learning lightly like a flower,' was to wed a younger sister of the poet's and to become a worthy member of his family circle. *Adonais*, an elegy on the death of John Keats, was raised on the quicksands of wrong information, and yet it is 'a shimmer of beautiful regret full of arbitrary fancies.' The monody of *Thyrsis* commemorates Matthew Arnold's friend Arthur Hugh Clough, who died at Florence. All these elegiac poems bear the stamp of artificiality on them: their poets have gone to Theocritus and Bion and other idyllic poets of old for their imagery, and three of them even for the titles of their elegies. But the *Farmhouse Dirge* is none of the kind: the sorrow depicted in it is spontaneous, neither "glistering nor golden."

The degree of grief varies with the temperament and the circumstances of the mourner. A mercurial temperament makes no capital out of the sad incidents of humanity but views them as passing shadows. Whereas persons endowed with a fund of saturnine humour pay a premium for them and 'fondle and caress' them out of all sense of decency and proportion. Whatever the temperament, a mother's grief is always intense, and it knows no bounds. A mother makes no parade of her pain. 'The rich have leisure to wail and weep, the poor haven't time to be sad.' The farmer's wife is of the latter stamp and cannot afford the time for a display of her sorrow, however intense her grief. She feels like Constance but lacks her imaginative power. The loss of Edith certainly makes a void in her bosom and in her home, a void that cannot be easily filled. With Constance may she say,

> "Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
> Lies in *her* bed, walks up and down with me,
> Puts on *her* pretty looks, repeats *her* words,
> Remembers me of all *her* gracious parts,
> Stuffs out *her* vacant garments with *her* form;"

but the homely woman says it in a homely manner:

> "But she's left a darkness behind her here I wish she had taken away.
> *She is no longer with us, but we seem to be always with her,*
> In the lonely bed where we laid her last, and can't get her to speak or stir."

'Grief is a flood, and not a spring,' and the stream of grief must find an outlet or be dried up in its bed. A friend is the best person to

whom the heart of grief may be opened. Well does Bacon say: "The parable of Pythagoras is dark but true, *Cor ne edito*: eat not the heart. Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, *those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts*. But one thing is most admirable, which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend, works two contrary effects: for it redoubleth joys, and *cutteth griefs in halves*. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and *no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but grieveth the less*." *Opparies*, common in our country, have the same object and produce the same effect. Instead of keeping the grief 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd' in their own hearts, our women sit alone or embrace their friends and vent their grief in harmonious verses. 'For sorrow loves to babble its pain to sleep.' This time-honored practice disburdens their minds and gives them respite. "It does me good to talk of it all," says the farmer's wife, "and *grief feels doubled when dumb*." To minister such a consolation, the consolation of talking of 'her girl that is gone and no more will wake or weep,' the Lady of the Farm hastens to the hut of the mourner, 'and perhaps her woe, should she see me alone, will run more quickly away." As King Richard says, 'To weep is to make less the depth of grief."

Besides the truest friend, the great mitigator of sorrows is Time. The change of seasons kindles even the dark yew at the tips: it brings joy and hope even to the stubborn mourner. "If you only gazed on the year, you would think how beautiful it is to die." For death is followed by life as darkness by light. It gives the mourner hope that the dead will come back to life, and that a silver lining will fringe the clouds of his grief. The great effect that the course of time has on the sorrow-stricken soul is that grief loses its intensity, and the sufferer comes to reason. When once the stronghold of reason is occupied, sorrow loses its character of impatience; it neither breaks seasons and reposing hours nor makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.

"The acorns thicker and thicker lie, the briony limper grows,
There are mildewing beads on the leafless brier where once smiled the sweet dog-rose.
You may see the leaves of the primrose push through the litter of sodden ground;
Their pale stars dream in the wintry womb, and the pimpernel sleepeth sound.
They will awake; shall 'we' awake? Are we more than imprisoned breath?"

Such is the philosophic reflection of the highborn, aristocratic lady on the rotation of the seasons. Surely, the revolution of the seasons feeds mourners, whatever their status, with the thought of the resurrection of the dead, as, at the same time, it fills their minds with reminiscences of those that are no more. A fond mother who has lost her darling daughter entertains the hope that the darling of her heart has gone elsewhere and will come back to her. In her absence the motherly heart loves to expatiate on the virtues of the absent child. Edith, of all the daughters of the farmer's simple home, was prettiest and most simple, modest and hardworking.

> "She never wished to be smart and rich, as so many in these days do,
> Nor cared to go in on market days to stare at the gay and new;
> She liked to remain at home and pluck the white violets down in the wood;
> She said to her sisters before she died ''*Tis so easy to be good*.'
> She must have found it so, I think, and that was the reason why
> God seemed it needless to leave her here, so took up her to the sky."

> "The young ones don't seem to take to work as their mothers and fathers did.
> We never were asked if we liked or no, but had to obey when bid.
> There's Bessie won't swill the dairy now, nor Richard call home the cows,
> And all of them cry, 'How *can* you, mother?' when I carry the wash to the sows.
> Edith would drudge, for *Death one's hearth of the helpful one always robs*,
> But she was so pretty I could not bear to set her on dirty jobs."

Whither has Edith gone? That is the knotty problem to solve. "The Vicar says that he knows she is there (in the sky), and surely she ought to be" there for all her virtues and graces. She

> "Went with the night, the vicar says, *where endeth never the day*."

A life of blessedness in heaven is hers who has had the luxury of *being* as well as *doing* good. But the simple-minded and untutored woman cannot bring her mind to rely on the words of the preacher, for she cannot see it with her eyes. Those who are in the lowest rungs of the ladder of culture require ocular proof for every thing. As the bereaved mother has it, "though I repeat the words, 'tis hard to believe what one does not see.' It is not scepticism that presses her to say so. Far from it. Her mind cannot rise above the experiences of her senses. Philosophy is quite alien to the mind of the country-bred woman, who lays great store by what she can eat and drink and don. The theories of the speculative imagination are to her but empty cobwebs of the brain. She recks not a straw if the philosopher consoles her that her daughter's soul is one with the Supreme, or that it is annihilated, or that it transmigrates. But she clings to the simple faith that her daughter lies in the graveyard,

though she 'can only see a coffin and churchyard clay' there. Her common sense suggests that it is wrong to keep lingering there and that it is wicked and weak to fret; but her passion so overcomes the dictates of the plain monitor, that she longs just to go and sprinkle a few flowers on her sweet daughter's grave.

> " You 've got some flowers, yet, haven't you, ma'am, though they now must be going fast;
> We never have any to speak of here, and I placed on her coffin the last.
> Could you spare me a few on Sunday next? I should like to go all alone,
> And lay them down on the little mound where there isn't yet a stone.
> Thank you kindly, I' am sure they 'll do, and I promise to heed what you say;
> *I'll only just go and lay them there, and then I will come away.*"

What are the ways in which the spectres of sorrow may be laid to rest? Work is a panacea to the troubled mind and the ruffled bosom. It diverts the mind of the sorrowful person from its brooding on the loss sustained by him. 'The labour we delight in physics pain.' As modern dignity consists in work, hard work is a sovereign cure for all the maladies of life. Labour itself is pleasure and conquers every thing. *Laborum dulce lenimen*: sweet is the solace of our labours. Solitude breeds thoughts and pesters the afflicted mind, which seeks society for its relief. It is the natural tendency of separated hearts to long to unite again. Woman, more than man, is a social animal. She cannot keep aloof for any length of time, nor can she be idle and doing nothing for a moment. The farmer's wife as well as the farmer embrace work for their solace.

> " Yes, I know it's wrong to keep lingering there, and wicked and weak to fret;
> And that's why I am hard at work again, *for it helps one to forget.*"
> " How does my husband bear up, you ask? Well, thank you ma'am, fairly well;
> For he is too busy just now, you see, with the wheat and the hops to sell:
> It's when the work of day is done, and he comes indoors at night,
> While the twilight hangs round the window panes before I bring in the light,
> And takes down his pipe, and says not a word, but watches the faggots roar—
> *And then I know he is thinking of her who will sit on his knee no more.*"

Sorrow makes us wise. It is when the mind is afflicted with sorrow that it transcends the mundane concerns and drinks of the celestial fount of philosophy. It is just then that even the wavering soul steadies itself and the swinging pendulum of the mind finds its rest. Our readers know what the three-fold *Vairagyam* or resolution is. When the story of a great hero or heroine is heard recited, the

listener makes up his mind to walk in his or her footsteps and give up the evil ways of the world. The pregnant woman will ever be thinking of her delivery and be most anxious to see her offspring. But the labours of child-birth are so great that she resolves no more to bear children nor ever after approach him who was the author of her sufferings. In the cemetery or cremation ground, philosophy is rife. The transitoriness of earthly life and the evanescence of all worldly joys and pleasures come much in evidence before the mind. The distinctions of high and low, rich and poor, literate and illiterate, famous and obscure, disappear at the sight of the foul sexton. Shakespeare and Shirley, Gray and Longfellow flood in upon the meditative soul and sweep away the invidious distinctions of society that keep man from man.

"Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.'

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and sword."

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory led but to the grave."

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

"The low-lying fields are suffused with haze, as life is suffused with pain.
The noon mists gain on the morning sun, so despondency gains on youth;
We grope, and wrangle, and boast, but Death is the only certain truth.
O love of life! what a foolish love! we should weary of life did it last.
While it lingers, it is but a little thing; 'tis nothing at all when past."

It is not that Death obliterates these landmarks, but it makes the proud 'lowly wise.' They see the nothingness that in the world's eye appears as a hard and fast line drawn between man and man, woman and woman. The grim reality, Death, 'the only certain truth,' draws them together for a while, battering down their great barriers thrown up by the tyrant custom. The Lady of the Farm concurs with us when she observes,

"For the human heart keeps no whit more warm under slate than
beneath the thatch."

"Think not to pity their lowly lot, nor wish that their thoughts
soared higher;
The canker comes on the garden rose, and not on the wilding brier.
Doubt and gloom are not theirs, and so they but work and love, they live
Rich in the *only valid boons* that life can withhold or give."

Let us listen to the consolation which the farmer's wife has derived from her Mistress's visit:

"Worry and work seems ours, but yours pleasant and easy days,
And when all goes smooth, the rich and poor have different lives and ways,
Sorrow and death bring men more close, 'tis joy that puts us apart;
'Tis a comfort to *think, though we're severed, we're all of us one at heart.*"

Should we who stand on the shoulders of giants kneel and crouch as much as the barbarians of olden times when the foul Reaper whets his scythe and blade? Has not Time made any progress in the life of mankind? Is civilisation of no avail to withstand the onset of the life-extinguisher? Have we not realised Puck's dream, 'put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes'? Is this not the age of progress? Are we not wending our way to the millennial goal? The Lady of the Farm has little faith in modern civilisation or in the crowning race of mankind, and is thoroughly sceptical. And no less is her tenant.

"Here is the railway bridge, and see how straight do the bright lines keep,
With pheasant copses on either side, or pastures of quiet sheep.
The big loud city lies far away, far too is the cliff-bound shore,
But the trains that travel betwixt them seem as if burdened with their roar.
Yet quickly they pass, and leave no trace, not the echo e'en of their noise:
Don't you think that *silence and stillness are the sweetest of all our joys*?

"You would think that the world had grown young once more, had
forgotten death and fear,
That the nearest thing unto woe on earth was the smile of an April tear;
That goodness and gladness were twin, were one:—The robin is
chorister now;
The russet fruit on the ground is piled and the lichen cleaves to the bough."

"They say 'tis an age of progress this, and a sight of things improves,
But sickness, and age, and bereavement seem to work in the same
old grooves.
Fine they may grow, and that, but *Death as lief takes the moth as
the grub*."

If the advancement of science cannot dispel our fears of mortality and has not hit upon the right ways and means of overcoming them, the remedy must be sought only in the sweet anodyne of philosophy, and in religion which lifts us above ourselves and makes us resign our will to the will of God. Then such doubtings as 'are we more than imprisoned breath?' find their full solution in the continuity of

our lives, in the immortality of the soul, and in the inscrutable workings of Providence. "God fulfils Himself in many ways." But how can the finite mind measure the Infinite and give the answer in the simplest terms? Reverence is the sole heaven-reaching ladder, and reverence consists in doing what we are bidden to do, conscientiously and fearing God, and in learning to labour and to wait.

> "If the wheels of life would but sometimes stop, and the grinding awhile would cease,
> 'T were so sweet to have, *without dying quite*, just a spell of autumn peace."
> "One can only hope, when our lives grow bare, some reap what our hearts have lost."

M. S. PURNALINGAM PILLAI.

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SIR A. SASHIAH SASTRI: A FEW REMINISCENCES.

SOME reminiscences of the great man who has now passed away and left a void in South India, which, in some respects, it may not be possible to fill, may be found to be of interest. Fragmentary though they may be, they may still serve to reveal points in his temperament, which could not be easily gathered otherwise. It is now more than twenty years ago that I was first introduced to Sir Sashiah. He was then Dewan of Pudukkottai. The interview was over in a few minutes, and there is little to record of it; but it has left an indelible impression on the mind. In the furthermost compartment of the first floor of his residence, he was reclining on a broad wooden cot, massive and plain, supporting himself on a huge pillow. A few feet off, in front of him, was a bench, equally solid and plain, which was meant for visitors. The compartment was otherwise bare; the roofing was of the flimsiest material—the twisted leaves of the cocoanut palm. The rigid simplicity of the place only served to set off the grandeur of the man. One unconsciously felt as if taken to a higher sphere of existence. He raised himself up as we approached. A slight effort was perceptible. It was inevitable in one of his ample proportions. In later years it became more marked, and when one heard him say "*Swami rakshikka,*" one knew it was a preliminary to a change of posture, or a "migration from the blue bed to the brown." *Swami rakshikka*, "May God protect," was the phrase that one heard most often from his lips. He was saturated, from his earliest days upwards, with a deep feeling that all things were in the control of an all-wise and all-merciful Power. In 1847 when he was as yet a student, barely nineteen years old, he gave expression to this feeling, (in any essay which secured for him Lord Elphinstone's prize) in the following words:—

"They (the wonders revealed by science) all tend to bring before our minds such a profuse vision of the order, harmony and miraculous wisdom of the Almighty Architect that the philosopher who comtemplates the scene sinks within himself in humble adoration, exclaiming 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for me—my understanding is overwhelmed by a wisdom which I cannot understand!' Again, "thus to the eye of the scientific philosopher, the universe is an immense fabric raised upon eternal wisdom . . . . . . Comparing,

then, this state of man with his primeval condition, we cannot help giving vent to feelings of endless gratitude towards Him under whose providential care man has arrived at this pitch of refinement. Moreover, when we consider that the sun of civilisation, from the day of his dawning on the sacred banks of the Ganges, although obscured by many a temporary eclipse, brightened and gained strength as he careered onward to 'isles of the western main' we cannot refrain from pleasing ourselves with the hope that a day will come when man will reach that goal of perfection which seems to be destined for him. For

> This infancy of being cannot prove
> The final issue of the works of God;
> By boundless love and perfect wisdom formed
> And ever rising with the rising mind."

The command of language, shown here, is rather remarkable for an Indian youth of nineteen in the 'forties.' We also see here "a certain fluidity and grandiosity of expression," which, a few years later, Justice Holloway warned him against. Sashiah successfully got over the temptation, and his later style has a chasteness and simplicity which it is rare to find outside the best English writers.

He could not abide the ground floor. He spent most of his time, day and night, in the second story under a thin roof of the cocoanut palm, where he could, without moving from where he was, rest his eyes on the blue heavens, or watch the floating clouds, where he could catch the fresh breeze from the cocoanut palm and the mango, and the music of their rustling leaves. He used to say "It may be a fancy; but I cannot help feeling, here, in the upper story, *elevated* above the petty worries and turmoils of the work-a-day world. Here one is nearer heaven."

His partiality for the cocoanut he would thus explain: "Of all things in the world," commend me to the cocoanut palm. It helps in bringing us into the world. It marries us, and carries us to our final resting place."*

Even when his ideas were not new, he had a felicitous way of his own, of expressing them. What he says in one of his letters to

* The Hindu reader need not be told that the lying-in-room is generally improvised with a few screens of the palm, that marriages are celebrated under the palm shed or *pandal*, and the bier is covered over with a rough bed of the same material.

an intimate friend of Sir Charles Turner, applies to him with equal force. "His style clothes very old ideas in very new dress; it never degenerates to 'froth and foam' as did Lord Lytton's."

But to feel the spell of his words one must hear him talk. He was at his best in a select circle of old friends and intimate associates. There he threw off the reserve and a certain stiffness, which, after years of authority over those around him, had almost become a habit with him.

None knew better how to direct the conversation into fresh channels, to draw the retiring out, or to set the circle roaring with his sallies of wit and wisdom. "Hold, sir, for God's sake," implored on one of these occasions a Rai Bahadur,—a pensioned Deputy Collector and one of his intimate friends—"I can hold (my sides) no longer!"

The following extract from one of his letters gives us a glimpse of such occasions: "I saw Mr.........at 9 A. M. (Saturday), and he kept me at conversation till 11-30, and even then broke off only because he thought it uncharitable to starve me in that way. He is indeed a curious specimen of the civil service. A short description will do but scant justice. So reserve it all for a *tete-a-tete* in our porch over the Cauvery in flood. The rest of Saturday (breakfast, at 1 of course—poor S—! who had to wait for his guest) and Sunday up to five were spent very pleasantly—all chatter and chat and laugh." *All chatter and chat and laugh.* Yes, that best expresses these parties; and he was the life of them all, where each, be it remembered, was distinguished in his own way.

The humour, in his letters, loses much of its force when bereft of the context. Perhaps the following suffers least by a severance from the context.

"To Ambu* belongs the credit of not despatching this letter last evening. *Moral*: never trust children with such work."

"But it is all the same; perhaps better, as I can add to-day's morning news, *of which there is none*!"

His letters furnish delightful reading, even where there are no striking thoughts, or humorous touches. The charm is in the manner,—an unstudied flow and a genuine English flavour. He tells us in a letter how he writes his letters. "You must not mind

* A grandniece of his, then aged four or five.

much what I say in my letters, which are written at the spur of the moment, in any vein of thought or feeling that is then uppermost." That is the secret of the spell. Such offhandness, one is apt to think, might not succeed so well when descriptions are attempted. But let the reader judge; here are a few excerpts from his letters.

The following description in a sentence is of a pond in a jungle.

"It is a fine pond of water, of light, milky color, surrounded by a jungle half a mile deep all round, which can be traversed in every direction, without fear of snakes or wild boars—except it be that you start, now and then, a deer gracefully reposing in the shades."

He thus describes the comet that appeared in 1882. "Only this morning I was able to make the acquaintance of the illustrious stranger in the heavens. It was a little before five and early dawn. The moon in the west was very feeble, and the comet appeared to great advantage in a clear blue sky, tinged with the grey of the dawn. It was a splendid sight. It lay like a beautiful silver fish poising gracefully in the abyss of space. I sat and looked on without intermission, till in the insensibly increasing light of morning it grew less and less brilliant and faded away into a mathematical point, and was then completely lost."

This, of a sunset in a jungle:—

"Last evening I drove out to the jungle and from a spot on the road had a view of the setting sun, the like of which I never saw before. It is impossible to describe the thousand and one fanciful forms which the clouds assumed, and the infinite variety of glorious tints which they assumed in rapid succession on a background of deep blue azure. While this display was going on in the west, there were very black clouds, with lightning swiftly crossing from one to another, all along the eastern horizon and finally ending in columns of rain which were driven before the wind. In the presence of this gorgeous display what is the place for man's vanity? (or even for woman's vanity?) I mean going to the same spot as often as I can, to see if the same glorious scene is re-enacted or improved upon by Nature, and if its repetition can possibly tire *me*."

In conversation, his felicitous turns of expression, so apt, and spiced with his peculiar humour, came upon one so unexpectedly. On the eve of laying down his exalted office of the Tondiman regency, the Private Secretary to the then Governor of Madras,

Lord Wenlock (who had come to Pudukota to instal the present enlightened ruler), said to Sashiah facetiously, "And so, the regent expires this noon!"

The rejoinder came forthwith: "Death, official or otherwise, is a common enough event; but it is something to be proud of, that a nobleman of his exalted station in life, like his Lordship, should have come all the distance to deliver the oration."

The members of a newly founded literary association, with the enthusiasm of novelty, talked of its manifold aspirations and contemplated a group photo of the members. "It were a rare feat, indeed," said Sashiah, "to take the shadow of a shadow." It required no prophetic vision of a high order to see that most of these associations in this country have only a butterfly-existence; but that expression—*shadow of a shadow*—seemed and proved its death-knell.

Once, the conversation turned upon the misery of early widowhood. It was the time of Mr. Malabari's spirited appeal to the Government on behalf of these voiceless condemned. Some of us waxed eloquent on the hardships of youthful widows. "*Widows* do you call them?" said Sashiah, "They are the god-ordained saviours of the Hindu household—ministering angels of home, finding their joy in the joy of those around; how round them are twined the hearts of all the family! The relentless march of new ideas is sweeping away the earlier ideals! Life is meant for higher things than the mere gratification of carnal instincts."

To some of us this course of thought was new and opened up new vistas of reflection.

He could extract enjoyment out of the most unpromising conditions. He had a fund of good humour, which, even though held under curb, kept his temper for him under circumstances which would have upset men less gifted. While at Pudukota, he instituted the system of petitions. Once or twice a week, everybody who had or thought he had, a grievance could approach him and be sure of a patient hearing. In a letter, he writes to a friend that the petitioners thus heard on a Sunday evening and Monday morning were between 3 and 4 hundred. It must have been very trying work sometimes. On one of these occasions, an old *mañiam* (village officer) who had been retired on the score of old age was the petitioner, and said to Sashiah that he was, so far as years went,

not so hopeless as some others he knew of, who were however considered fit enough for incomparably more exalted offices; and in a few other respects the advantage was decidedly with him. Sashiah smiled at this broad hint (or was it hit?) and satisfied himself that the man could read without glasses and write without shaking. "Where is the advantage that you talked of?" asked Sashiah. The man replied "*I* can, and often do, *walk* ten miles at a stretch without fatigue." The minister mentally confessed himself baffled and reinstated the man in office forthwith.

The fact was that he was catholic in thinking. Honest differences of opinion, boldly set forth, never ruffled him. When Mr. Porter, the celebrated educationist of Southern India, was coming in for a deal of bitter criticism for his outspoken advice to young India, on the eve of his departure from these shores, Sashiah was amused at the display of spleen (by young India, on the occasion.) Writing *anent* this to a friend, Sashiah says, "Mr. Porter spoke too much of truth—forgot to gild his pill, which to young India must have been 'gall and wormwood.' I am glad he pricked the windbags. It is most amusing how the windbags are letting off their contents against poor Mr. Porter, their quondam 'guide, philosopher and friend.'

In another letter he writes: "Young India most wants toleration in matters of opinion, which is the pride of the Englishman and which is the keystone of the arch on which his constitution and society rest."

Elsewhere, he thus advises one of his friends. "Hear all they say, but keep your own counsel. You have arived at an age and maturity of wisdom not to mind differences of opinion, which only give *life to dull life*. We shall do that which to our judgment 'seemeth best,' and I am certain it would not betray us."

We can now well understand his philosophy of life, which he thus sums up in one of his letters. "Well, we must face everything and try to secure for ourselves *some* pleasure amidst *much* unpleasantness. That, I suppose, is the verdict passed on man long ago."

It is in no spirit of vanity that he writes to a friend "As to peace of mind, I think I enjoy it to a great extent under most circumstances."

Or thus again: "Things will come round of themselves, and if they don't, I certainly shall not weep over it."

It is this frame of mind that has inspired one of his happy *bon-mots* (which we find in a letter).

"Those who keep their temper before those who lose it are doubly sainted."

It is just the temperament to cheat sublunary life of its sting: no sulking that you sow and others reap. As Sashiah puts it, (this also in one of his letters, which are a veritable storehouse of wit and wisdom), "I am glad to hear of the little festivities in connection with the young ones, which, while relieving our pockets a little, also relieve the dull monotony of life."

Again, "the breadwinner of a family has little time for sharing in its amusements; neither does the master of the ceremonies enjoy the ceremonies himself. My happiness is to see that everybody else is happy, and when all goes well my reward is reaped."

Kindness to servants he carried to a fault. Little things of some little value had once been for some time missing in his house; among others, a silver plate. There was no clue, though there were suspicions. The members of the ground floor were for a thorough sifting and giving short shrift to the culprits when found. There was Govinda Chetty, the wonderful diviner of Valangiman, (just a few miles off from Kumbhakonam). He would, with his second sight, unravel the whole mystery in a moment. And, once the house was purged of the black sheep, there would be no more 'things lost.' Thus whispers ran downstairs. Sashiah was aware of the feeling below, but never would he show (till the time or the need came for it) how far he knew and what he thought. At last, the whispers assumed shape, and the steward was sent up-stairs with the prayer that he might be allowed to consult the diviner at Valangiman. Sashiah readily gave the permission sought; and, as soon as the steward left, Sashiah turned to me (I was staying with him for a few days—in these later days, almost all the time I could spare I was asked to and did, spend with him), and said "*You* have not seen this man" (the diviner). He is worth seeing; reminds me, more than anybody else, of that hackneyed saying of Shakespeare, 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' For my part, I don't like

this business of consulting him on this matter. My suspiciou is the man is only a skilled thought-reader and, when consulted, readily names the person you *suspect*, be he guilty or otherwise; an innocent person may thus be unjustly brought to book; but, even otherwise, I cannot bring myself to turn out any of my servants. You know they are *all* tried men, having served me for years; and if any should have now fallen, sore, very sore, must have been the temptation. A more generous policy would be to take greater care and place fewer temptations in the way, and make it appear that the offender is known but condoned. Time and the guilty conscience will do the rest. But anyhow, you will go and see the man and have a specimen of his powers."

I went, as I was curious. The Chetty was sitting on the pial of his house. He addressed himself to me in particular. "You have come to test my powers" said he, "so here goes." After telling us that a silver plate was missing, and after naming the offender, who was none other than the person that had been suspected—all this while we had not given him the slighest hint, by word or sign, of our purpose—he thus wound up. "Why do *you* make so much fuss about a thing regarding which the exalted gentleman of the second story is perfectly indifferent? He would only have you be more careful in the future, and would rather avoid the tempest in a teapot that might follow the exposure. *Live and let live* is his way of thinking."

The Chetty, in reading Sashiah's thoughts, had read his character as well with wonderful precision.

His mind was deeply imbued with a reverent trustfulness in the dispensations of Providence. He had also great faith in the forms of religious practice that have been laid down by the ancient sages of the land. "Religious exercises," he writes "discipline both mind and heart, and contribute to the serenity of the one and the purification of the other." Of his son during his student days he writes: "I am making him cultivate the habit of early rising,—at five—and have put him to recite *Rudra, Chamaka and Purushasukta,** so that he may have about him some traces of the old Aryan blood."

Some traces of the old Aryan blood! It filled his heart with sadness and despair, that young India was parting ways with the

* These form some of the holiest hymns of the Vedas.

best traditions of the land, and was fast throwing off the traces of the old Aryan blood.

He was not for new departures in religious theory or practice. Of Keshub Chunder Sen and his New Dispensation, he writes in a letter: "Keshub Chunder was a great and public loss. He was a remarkable man with a wonderful command over a foreign language and an irreprochable high character for sincerity and truthfulness, zeal and piety. But the religion he wanted to create will die with him. As a matter of fact, no new religion can have life except ephemerally. In these days of free thought and free criticism, even the old religions are being torn to pieces. What chance is there for new ones, which, of course, will come and go as a nine days' wonder."

If he gave, he gave right handsomely; or he gave nothing; he never held out false hopes; a 'cheeseparing' policy was an abomination to him. This princely spirit of liberality was remarkable in one whose early days had been a struggle for bread. His charity was the true metal—conceived and practised in the spirit which finds acceptance with the gods.

I never heard him talk of his charities; his public charities, alone verged nigh on 8000 Rs. Once in the course of a conversation (this was while I was writing his life) I said I had better mention his public charities in my book. His reply was the proverbial advice given by Punch to those who marry, with a *please* thrown in for the sake of form.

By an arrangement with my printers, an advance copy of the clean forms of my book was sent to him when it was sent to me. When the last form of the advance copy reached him he wrote to me, "your 'labour of love' has been completed; I have received the last chapter of your book. The *very* last chapter is not far oft."

It is a little over a year since he wrote these words, and the end came so calmly, so peacefully on October 29, 1903. In 1886, he wrote in a letter:

"Oftentimes within recent years have I thought it very improbable that I should live to date my letters 1886. But Providence has a programme of our course which is unknown to, and unknowable by, us."

He was always prepared for the final summons; for some months past he had become so weak and powerless that he often felt life a burden and prayed for *Nunc Dimittis*; and his prayer has been heard.

When in November 1894 after handing over the reins of the Pudukota administration to the present enlightened ruler, he bade farewell to his friends, he requested them to be "to his faults a little blind" and judge him as man should judge his fellowman. When so judged, it may be said of him:

"He hath fought a good fight, he hath finished his course, he hath kept the faith."

B. V. KAMESWARA AIYAR.

ESSENTIALS OF BUDDHISM.

VI.

THE TEN MORAL PRECEPTS.

(Dasa Kusala Marga.)

ALL acts of human beings become evil by ten things, and by the avoidance of these they become good. These ten things are the three sins of action, the four sins of speech, and the three sins of thought. The three sins of action are murder, theft and adultery. The four sins of speech are lying, slander, abuse and idle talk. The three sins of thought are covetousness, hatred and error. Therefore has the Blessed One taught the following ten precepts for the guidance of mankind.

I. From the meanest worm up to man you shall kill no animal whatsoever, but shall have regard for all life.

"Let him not destroy, or cause to be destroyed, any life at all, or sanction the acts of those who do so. Let him refrain even from hurting any creature, both those that are strong, and those that tremble in the world"—*Dhammika Sutta.*

"Suffuse the world with friendliness; let all creatures, both strong and weak, see nothing that will bode them harm, and they will learn the ways of peace"—*Chulla Vagga.*

Devout Buddhists have pushed to extremes their observance of this precept. They observe it more in the letter than in the spirit. A legend tells us that the Sakyas permitted themselves to be slaughtered in cold blood by a treacherous enemy, lest by fighting they might violate this precept. The Chinese Buddhists are reported to have once prevailed upon a pious emperor to prohibit the manufacture of silk, because the worms in the cocoons had to be killed before their threads could be utilized. The Buddhists all over the world show a strong preference for a vegetarian diet, and such of them as eat meat would not themselves slaughter the animals whose flesh they eat. But this exaggeration has not the approval of the Blessed One. No doubt he deprecated killing either for pastime or for sacrifices, and taught that all warfare in which man tries to slay his brother is lamentable. But he has also taught that the eating of flesh does not defile a man, that he who wages war in a righteous cause after having exhausted all means of preserving peace is not blameworthy. In the *Amaganda Sutta* a Brahmana, abstaining

from eating meat on the ground of its defiling him, is told that what defiles a man is not the eating of flesh, but a bad mind and wicked deeds. We read in a Jataka that a lay man, when entertaining the Buddha, offered him food with meat in it. The naked Nirgranthas (Jains) got scent of this and went about sneering the Buddha for eating meat prepared on purpose for him. "My disciples," the Blessed One has said, "have permission to eat whatever food it is customary to eat in any place or country, so that it be done without indulgence of the appetite, or evil desire." *

The question of food cannot be solved by psychological or ethical principles, but only according to hygienic experiences. The best food for man seems to be a mixed diet. It is possible for man to subsist on a purely vegetable diet. Abstention from animal food may have beneficial results under certain conditions. But all people, ancient and modern, have used a mixed diet. People that profess to abstain from meat, use milk, curds, butter, cheese, eggs. The *Mahabharata* bears testimony to the value of flesh as an article of diet. We read in the *Anusasana Parva*: "Flesh speedily increase, strength. It ordains great development. There is no food that is superior to flesh." All that hygiene has to teach us in this respect is that the simpler food of the less civilized peoples is preferable to the refined dishes of the civilized nations. Says Elie Metchnikoff in his *Etudes sur la nature humaine*: "True progress consists therefore in rejecting the modern cuisine and returning to the simple dishes of our ancestors." Should the life of animals be regarded as sacred as human life, civilization would surely drop down to a very primitive state. Further, this regard would prove disastrous to the very animals on whose behalf the appeal is made. Domesticated animals are so much tended and cared for because they in some way subserve general happiness. Our only obligation is to give them a happy life and a painless death. Even the practice of vivisection, if guarded from all abuse, is justifiable in so far as it subserves general happiness.

Though the Buddha has not told us precisely his views as to war, yet there are many passages in the *sutras* from which we may surmise his attitude. In the description of his fight with Mara, the personification of evil, the Tathagata compares himself to a king

* Spence Hardy's Manual.

who rules his kingdom with righteousness, but being attacked by envious enemies goes out to wage war against them. He who goads others to wage war in a righteous cause suffers the consequences of his own evil doing. Asoka, Kanishka, Siladitya were all devout Buddhist kings, but they did not shrink, when necessary, to wage war in a righteous cause, though they lamented the vain shedding of blood. When there is just cause for war, war must be waged openly and resolutely but without cherishing feelings of hatred and revenge. Nowhere does the Buddha approve of that *ovine* indolence which would not resist evil even by right methods. When Prince Abhaya was stirred up by Nataputra to tax the Blessed One with having used unkind language to the schismatic Devadatta, the Blessed One explained that a word which is true and is intended to do good, though it give pain, is right. So also war in a righteous cause, which is intended to teach a lesson to the evildoer, is right, though it may involve the shedding of blood. But Buddhism is wholly opposed to that militarism which represses all sympathetic feelings, developes the cruel side of human nature, and commends hatred of enemies and revengefulness as the highest virtues. On the other hand, it inculcates long suffering, forgiveness and loving kindness which show not only goodness of heart but also deep wisdom.

II. You shall neither rob nor steal, but help every one to be the master of the fruits of his labour.

"A disciple knowing the Dharma should refrain from stealing anything at any place, should not cause another to steal anything, should not consent to the acts of those who steal anything, should avoid every kind of theft"—*Dhammika Sutta.*

"He is the greatest gainer who gives to others, and he loses most who receives from others without giving a compensation."—*Dhammapada.*

In abstaining from theft, the chief motives ought to be contempt for wealth and the conviction that the mere accumulation of property is a hindrance to the higher life. The Buddhist has certainly to acquire wealth, but not accumulate property for himself. "It is not," said the Blessed One to Anathapindika, "life and wealth and power that enslave men, but the cleaving to them. He who possesses wealth and uses it rightly, will be a blessing unto his fellow-beings." Whatever the Buddhist acquires is for the benefit of all mankind. This is one of the reasons for the Buddhist Bhikshu's

vow of poverty. The individual *Bhikshu* is poor, but the *Sangha*, the community of aspirants for *bodhi* all over the world, may be rich. "The man whose thought and labour are expended altogether upon his family, is only one step above the man who labors and plans only for himself. A man is often an angel to his family and a demon to all the rest of the world. The diamonds for the wife often cost the bread of the poor."

The spirit of Buddhism is essentially socialistic, that is to say, it teaches concerted action (*Samanartha*) for social ends. It is totally opposed to that industrialism which with its vulgar aggressiveness, its unremitting competition, and its sordid, unscrupulous, merciless struggle for wealth as the supreme object of human effort is eating the very vitals of the so-called advanced nations of the world. One result of this industrialism, this fascination for the successful pursuit of wealth, has been the forgetfulness in trade circles of human brotherhood. "If success attends upon a man in his commercial warfare, if his intrigues are only wide enough to give him plunder on a vast scale, he passes for a merchant prince, the rightfulness of whose transactions is little questioned, and men poorer but of noble sentiment, extend to him the hand of fellowship and call him a gentleman." Nor can the accumulation of capital in the hands of a few be ethically justified. Capital is not, as some economists contend, the result of individual saving, but its origin lies in the surplus seized from producers, which has resulted in the slavery of the many for the comfort and the enjoyment of the few. What ethical justification can there be for the absorption by one of the labour of many? How does this differ from theft? There are still other kinds of theft. "It can never be pretended that the existing titles to such property (landed property) are legitimate...... Violence, fraud, the prerogative of force, the claims of superior cunning—these are the sources to which these titles may be traced." So said Herbert Spencer in the first edition of his *Social Statics*. Matters have not much changed since, and his remark is as true now as then. Nevertheless, Buddhism does not permit any man who may be in extreme need, even when no other means of relief are available, to seize some of his neighbour's goods. It distinctly prohibits theft, for in the existing conditions of society theft would be a source of trouble, and the destruction of confidence which it involves would undermine the foundations of all social life.

III. You shall not violate the wife of another, nor even his concubine, but lead a life of chastity.

"A wise man should avoid unchastity as if it were a burning pit of live coals. One who is not able to live in a state of celibacy should not commit adultery."—*Dhammika Sutta.*

"Guard against looking on a woman. If you see a woman, let it be as though you see her not. If you must speak with her, let it be with a pure heart. If the woman be old, regard her as your mother; if young, as your sister; if very young, as your child."

"Guard yourself against a worldly woman who is anxious to exhibit her form and shape, whether walking, standing, sitting, or sleeping, and is desirous of captivating with the charms of her beauty. Restrain the heart and give it no unbridled license. Lust beclouds a man's heart when it is confused with woman's beauty and the mind is dazed."

Buddhism necessarily prohibits all illegetimate sexual relations as they involve a violation of voluntary agreement. But it is an exaggeration to interpret this precept as interdicting all sexual intercourse to those who aspire for the higher life. Were all sexual intercourse in its very nature an obstacle to the higher life, it ought not to have been possible for Gautama Siddartha to attain *bodhi.* Siddartha was not only married, but lived in luxury. Why Buddhism condemns sexual indulgence is that it creates a craving for enjoyment and is the chief cause of various nervous disorders. Though the ostensible object of marriage is the preservation of the species, in reality marriages are contracted not in the interests of the future generation, but solely with regard to the personal interests and enjoyments of the contracting parties. Buddhism can have no objection to marriages with the high motive of propagating the species. Some Buddhist schools have maintained that it is possible for a laic to become not only an *anagamin,* but also an *arhat.*[1] Some Buddhist books, like the *Manichuda Avadana,* even make marriage compulsory for the *bodhisatva,* the aspirant for *bodhi,* an idea which has given birth to the married clergy of Japan. Many married men and women are spoken of in the Buddhist books as having entered the paths. If the Blessed One left his wife and children and went into homelessness, it was because error prevailed and the world was plunged in darkness. Having reached the deathless *nirvana* he was

1. Minayeff's Recherches sur le Buddhisme, p. 220.

bent wholly on the one aim of pointing out the path to others, and those of his followers, who like him have left the world, live a life of poverty and celibacy, not for their own sake, for they have given up all attachment to self, but for the sake of the salvation of the world.

Religions have generally denounced the sexual impulse and even recommended its absolute repression. This attitude is irrational and unjustifiable. Nor is it moral. It is perhaps the feeling of sinfulness towards sexual appetite that has produced the very excesses it was intended to check. Instead of being subversive of all morality, the reproductive instinct, the most important and overmastering impulse which moves the race, is its very foundation stone. "Sympathy, affection, fidelity, sacrifice, indeed, all those noble traits included under the term altruism, spring from the reproductive instinct." Thus there can be nothing undignified or immoral in the proper exercise of the sexual function. But at the same time we ought not to forget that it is a pure delusion to suppose that the exercise of this function is necessary to the health of the individual at any age.

IV. You shall speak no word that is false, but shall speak the truth with discretion, not so as to harm, but in a loving heart and wisely.

"When one comes to an assembly or gathering, he should not tell lies to any one, or cause any to tell lies, or consent to the acts of those who tell lies; he should avoid every kind of untruth"—*Dhammika Sutta*.

"Speak the truth; do not yield to anger; give if you are asked: by these three steps you will become divine"—*Dhammapáda*.

The Dharma regards lying as one of the gravest of offences that man may commit. There is scarcely a crime or vice into which lying does not enter as an important element. Not only does lying involve abuse of confidence, but in its essence it is cowardice, "the desire to gain an advantage or inflict an injury, which we dare not effect by open means, or to escape a punishment or avoid a loss which we have not the courage to face squarely or submit to." Calumny, flattery, purjury are different forms or grades of lying.

Hypocrisy, which is want of consistency in thought, speech and action, is a form of lying which is largely fostered by churches. Writing on the ethics of conformity, the late Professor Henry Sidgwick, no mean authority on ethical subjects, says: "The student

of history sees that hypocrisy and insincere conformity have always been the besetting vice of the religions, and a grave drawback to their moralising influence. Just as lying is the recognised vice of diplomats, chicanery of lawyers, and solemn quackery of physicians." "Tell a lie and shame the devil" is a proverb that originated from a church whose early representatives, according to Lecky,"[2] "laid down a distinct proposition that pious frauds were justifiable and even laudable."

A question of some importance in relation to lying is the lie of necessity. Is lying under all circumstances wrong, or are there conditions under which it is permissible or necessary? "In the case of sexual gratification, of marriage, of food eaten by cows, of fuel for a sacrifice, of benefit or protection accruing to a Brahmin, there is no sin in an oath." So says the Law of Manu (VIII—112). But in the matter of lying, Buddhism is uncompromising, although it attaches great importance to the motive that determines an action. Its only answer is: Speak the truth with discretion, but always be truthful; never alter or disguise the truth whatever may be the case; love the truth even to martyrdom.

V. Yot shall not eat or drink any thing that may intoxicate.

"The householder who delights in the Dharma should not indulge in intoxicating drinks, should not sanction the actions of those who drink, knowing that it results in insanity.

"The ignorant commit sins in consequence of drunkenness, and also make others drink. You should avoid it as it is the cause of demerit, insanity, and ignorance—though it be pleasing to the ignorant"—*Dhammika Sutta.*

"Drunkenness is the cause of the loss of goods and reputation, of quarrels, diseases, immodesty of dress, disregard of honour and incapacity for learning"—*Sighalavada Sutta.*

This prohibition does not mean that no intoxicant should be taken even as a medicine. The reason of the prohibition is that intoxication incapacitates a man for rational deliberation without hindering him from acting irrationally. Drunkenness leads the drunkard to treat others irrationally and possibly to abuse them. That drunkenness is the cause of many crimes is a well-known fact. Hence to put oneself in such a condition is a source of insecurity to others.

2. History of Rationalism, Vol. I, pp. 396—398.

Krat-Ebbing has shown in detail the similarity between drunkenness and various forms of mental disease. "Its beginning is marked by a slight maniacal excitation, with exalted self-consciousness, and apparent intensification of vital functions. The continued use of alcohol is followed by a gradual decline, as in the case of the violent maniac; at first the æsthetic and moral presentations, which in health have a controlling and inhibiting influence, disappear; the drunkard "lets himself go," ignores the rules of decency and morality, and becomes cynical and brutal. A state of complete exhaustion follows, consciousness is deranged, illusions and hallucinations appear, his speech becomes thick and uncertain, his walk tottering, just as in the case of the paralytic; the end is a deep and idiotic stupor."

The love of intoxicating liquors is, according to Buddhism, one of the six ruinous things. The other five are wandering about the streets at unseasonable hours; too great a passion for dancing, games and spectacles; gambling; frequenting vicious company; slothfulness and negligence in the performance of one's duty. "Unseasonable wanderings expose a man to great dangers, and by keeping him from his family oblige him to leave the chastity of his wife and daughters unprotected; and moreover, his possessions are thus liable to depredations. He may likewise be taken in the company of thieves and punished with them. A passion for shows draws a man from his occupations, and hinders him from gaining his livelihood. In gambling, success is followed by intrigues and quarrels; loss, by bitterness and sorrow of heart as well as dilapidation of fortune; the gamester is incapacitated by law to give testimony, nor can be have a wife or mother-in-law, for no one loves the gambler. Finally, frequenting the company of the vicious will lead a man into the houses of women of ill fame, into drunkenness, and gluttony, into deceit and robbery, and all kinds of disorders."[3]

VIII. You shall not swear nor indulge in idle and vain talk, but speak decently and with dignity to the purpose or keep silence.

"The man seeking the higher life must renounce worldly ambition and all luxurious tastes, and unprofitable amusements, he must refrain from idle as well as mischievous words, he must not "gossip about great people;" he must not speak at all about meats, drinks, clothes, perfumes, couches, equipages, women, warriors, demigods, fortune telling, hidden treasures, short stories, nor about *empty* tales concerning things that are and things that are not."

3. Sighalovada Sutta.

VIII. You shall not covet your neighbour's goods, but rejoice at the fortunes of other people.

"Liberality, courtesy, kindliness—these are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot"—*Sighalovada Sutta.*

It is selfish to seek one's own advantage, regardless of others or at the expense of others. Covetousness is an intense form of selfishness which takes pleasure in the distress and sufferings of others even without advantage to self.

IX. You shall cast out all malice, anger, spite and ill-will, and shall not cherish hatred even against those who do you harm, but embrace all living things with kindness and benevolence.

"Let a man overcome anger by love; let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, and the liar by truth. For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love, this is its true nature"—*Dhammapâda.*

"The bearer of ill-will toward them that bear ill-will can never become pure; but he who bears no ill-will pacifies therein that hate" —*Udànavarga.*

"The man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more the evil that comes from him, the more the good that shall go from me"—*Sutra of forty-two sections.*

Justice, concerned with man as he is at present, demands that we should respect and protect the rights of others as well as our own by lawful means. So it says: Do unto others what you wish they should do unto you. But morality with its eye directed to the future man tells us that the duty of justice should be supplemented by equity and magnanimity. Equity demands that we should resign claims and acts to which we have an unquestionable theoretical right, so that the advancement of our interests may not cause relatively greater damage to those of others. Magnanimity requires us to overlook personal injuries and not to embrace the opportunity of revenge though it present itself. The teaching "love thy neighbour as thyself" is not only vague, but may also lead to mischievous consequences. If a man should hate himself, it must follow that he must hate others too. The teaching of Buddhism is definite and requires us to love our enemies and return good for evil. This does not mean that one should show the left cheek, if one is smitten on

the right, but it means we must fight evil with good. Passive non-resistance of evil is no morality at all. The meekness of the lamb is praiseworthy, but if it could lead only to becoming a prey to the rapacity of the tiger, it is not worth possessing.

X. You shall free your mind of ignorance and be anxious to learn the truth, lest you fall a prey to doubt which will make you indifferent, or to errors which will lead you astray from the noble path that leads to blessedness and peace.

The attitude of Buddhism towards doubt must be clearly understood. The Buddha does not say: "Thou shouldst never wrangle about Dharma and then seek to have those doubts solved into which thou mayest arrive. Let no doubts like these ever take possession of thy mind. Do thou obey what I say without scruple of any kind. Follow me like a blind man or like one who, without being possessed of sense himself, has to depend upon that of another."[4] On the other hand, he has laid down that the investigation (*vidarsana*) of the Dharma is one of the essentials of *bodhi*. Buddhism cannot therefore underestimate the value of doubt during the period of investigation, but when doubt leads to indolence and indifference, Buddhism regards it as a grave fault. Herein lies the difference between Buddhism and vulgar scepticism. The sceptic regards suspense of judgment and the accompanying mental indolence as an end in itself, but the Buddhist treats it as a mere preliminary to his final object, the attainment of truth.

We may here quote the words of Professor Huxley, both as to the value of doubt and as to the nature of that sort of doubt which one should permit oneself: "There is a path that leads so surely that any one who will follow it must needs reach the goal, whether his capacity be great or small. And there is one guiding rule by which a man may always find this path, and keep himself from straying when he has found it. This Golden Rule is, "Give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted." The enunciation of this first commandment of science consecrates doubt. It removes doubt from the seat of penance among the grievous sins to which it had long been condemned, and enthrones it in that high place among the primary duties which is assigned to it by the scientific conscience of these latter days. But you must remember that the sort of doubt

4. Mahabharata, Anusasana Parva.

which has thus been consecrated is that which Goethe has called "the active scepticism, whose whole aim is to conquer itself;" and not that other sort which is born of flippancy and ignorance, and whose aim is only to perpetuate itself as an excuse for idleness and indifference."

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This special study of the separate precepts naturally leads to the discussion of some general questions which concern them all equally. Are these precepts to be regarded as commandments by the Buddha? Coming as they do from him whom the Buddhist takes as his model of perfection to imitate, these precepts have indeed a higher force than any commandments. But still they are in no sense commandments, for no man has any right to command his brother men. They are but the ways pointed out by the Blessed One for avoiding the evils of life, and he who does not tread on the path shown will have to bear the consequences. Though there are neither rewards nor punishments in a future world, yet there is the law of cause and effect,[5] whose sway in the domain of ethics is as powerful as in the domain of physics. The tiger will necessarily be hunted down, and the criminal will necessarily be punished. Whosoever is punished for his misdeeds suffers his injury, not through the ill-will of others, but through his own evil doing. His own acts have brought upon him the injury that the executors of the law inffict. How the Buddhist understands punishment is well illustrated by an anecdote narrated by the author of that striking book, "The Soul of a People." An English officer in Rangoon caught his servant stealing money, and had him sent to jail. When the boy was liberated, he came back smiling to his master expecting to be taken in his service. But the master's idea of punishment not being the Buddhist idea, the poor boy was turned away absolutely bewildered, failing to understand why, having "wiped out" his crime by punishment, he was not regarded as blameless. The master's idea was that punishment was a form of revenge, but the Buddhist idea is that it is a part of "the eternal inevitable sequence that leads us in the end to wisdom and peace." Even the undetected criminal does not escape the effect of his deeds. If he is not one of those pitiable pathological cases, if his longings, impulses and ideals are those which inspire the average man, he cannot escape

5. Gyzicki's Manual of Ethics, pp. 138—139.

the misery flowing from his deeds. Jeanval Jean may become Father Madelaine, but he cannot escape the pangs of memory. Nor can it be doubted that the criminal, though he may get on well for some time, will in the long run be eliminated from off the surface of the earth as surely as the tiger is being eliminated now.

What then is the authority upon which these moral precepts are based? What are the reasons which compel us to obey them? The authority upon which all moral precepts are based is the very nature of our being. Moral ideas have not sprung from the belief in supernatural agencies. Supernatural beings are but creations of human fancy and can be endued only with such qualities as man already possesses. How can a man love and reverence what he has not seen, unless he has already learnt to love and reverence what he has seen? Nor is man ethical for fear of an invisible police. Does a man love his parents, wife or children because otherwise he would be punished for it? The belief in future rewards and punishments in an invisible world may influence men's conduct, but it cannot be a moral force. "Could he be really honest, could he be called really virtuous," says Immanuel Kant, "who would gladly give himself up to his favourite vices if he feared no future punishment, and must not one rather say that he indeed shuns the practice of evil, but nourishes in his soul a vicious disposition; that he loves the advantage of conduct seemingly virtuous, while he hates virtue itself?"

The ethical life, contend some, is impossible without admitting the existence of an Eternal Self. Leaving aside for future consideration the question of the reality of an Eternal Self, we may say that the Eternal Self, even if it exists, can be of no value in ethical considerations. Being an eternal spiritual principle, the Eternal Self transcends all time. But all ethical questions deal with empirical wants and aspirations which are time-processes. How can the selfsame Eternal Self he enriched by acts of virtue or impoverished by vice? Can it be affected by all the vicissitudes of life and still retain its timeless selfsameness? What part can such a "self" play in ethical life? Perhaps it may be said that morality consists in the realization of the Eternal Self. But if one's Eternal Self is real already, what has one to realize? How is one to know what to realize? He might, for aught we know, be realizing his Eternal Self as much in a vicious life as in virtuous deeds, in indolence as much

as in strenuousness. *Be yourself*! may be a valuable moral precept to such as have already framed for themselves a worthy idea of manhood, but for others it can convey no meaning.

The moral life needs neither supernatural support nor the flimsy basis of an "Eternal Self." Moral ideas have sprung from the natural needs of man. Sympathy and love are rooted deep in the same natural bonds which have conditioned the very continuance of the race on the faithful discharge of their duties to others besides themselves. Virtue possesses a self-propagating power. Good action, as Clifford says, is that which "makes the organic more organic." Vice and wrong, on the other hand, are ever destroying themselves. The more single-eyed selfishness is, the more it destroys itself. It is a matter of ordinary observation that the preponderance of selfishness among a family or a people and the decay of that family or people, go hand in hand. The preponderance of egotism is a physiological sign that the vitality of the species is exhausted, and the individuals have lost their ability to experience natural love and would therefore cease to perpetuate themselves.

That so far as man acts rationally he must have his own individual pleasure as his conscious aim, to the exclusion of what is for the interest of others, is an assumption not warranted by history and psychology. That primitive man was a freely roaming solitary beast of prey, whose fundamental instinct was egoism without the least trace of consideration for his fellows, is an assertion contradicted by all that is known concerning the beginnings of humanity. As far as we are able to penetrate into prehistoric times, man has been found to be a gregarious being, who could not have maintained himself except by the instincts of sympathy, the feeling of solidarity, and a certain degree of unselfishness which are all presupposed in life in a community. As Aristotle has said, the man who could live without society must be either a beast or a god. Apart from society, the individual could not be so much as begotten and born. Apart from the fact that no man can satisfy all his desires without the help of others, the man who would enjoy himself without consideration for others, would be pernicious not only to the race but also to himself. Biology teaches us that "constant self-restraint is a necessity of existence as much for the strongest as for the weakest. It is the activity of the highest human cerebral centres. If these

are not exercised they waste away, *i. e.*, man ceases to be man, the pretended 'superman' becomes sub-human—in other words, a beast. By the relaxation or breaking up of the mechanism of inhibition in the brain the organism sinks into irreconcilable anarchy in its constituent parts, and this leads, with absolute certainty to ruin, to disease, madness and death, even if no resistance results from the external world against the frenzied egoism of the unbridled individual."

Candid observation proves that man is fundamentally an emotional and volitional being, whose instinctive feelings and actions, originally sense-aroused and sense-guided, have become gradually enlightened and directed by developing reason. And it seems pretty clear that the emotional and volitional root *(kusala múla)* of what we hold to be most precious in life is to be sought in those intuitive affections that bind altogether the lives of kindred beings. "Even in their purely instinctive origin these affections are fundamentally and essentially altruistic. However ravenous and lustful, even to revelling in hot blood and the tearing of palpitating flesh, tigerlike voluptuousness may dwell in beast and man; surely, the affectionate solicitude of the tigress for her cubs is essentially devoted to their well-being, and not a mere pleasurable gratification of her own appetites. Nor are the caresses of the mates mere expressions of self-regarding passions. They unmistakably betoken affectionate consideration for each other; a sympathetic community of needs, grounded in the fact that, though different individuals, they are in verity bearers of complemental lives."

In the social and altruistic impulses of the highest orders of animal life are to be found the great uplifting causes of vital evolution. Kropotkin, one of the highest authorities upon the social life of animals, declares that "Life in societies is no exception to the animal world. It is the rule, the law of nature, and it reaches its fullest development with the higher vertebrates. Those species which live solitary or in small families only are relatively few, and their numbers are limited. Life in societies enables the feeblest mammals to resist, to protect themselves from the most terrible birds and beasts of prey; it permits longevity; it enables the species to rear its progeny with the least waste of energy and to maintain its numbers, albeit with a very slow birth rate............

"Therefore while fully admitting that force, swiftness, &c.,...... are qualities making the individual the fittest under certain circumstances, we maintain that under any circumstances sociability is the greatest advantage in the struggle for life.........The fittest are thus the most sociable animals, and sociability appears as the chief factor in evolution both directly by securing the well-being of the species while diminishing the waste of energy, and indirectly by favouring the growth of intelligence............

"Therefore, combine, practise mutual aid. That is the surest means of giving to each other and to all the greatest safety, the best guarantee of existence and progress—bodily, intellectual, moral. That is what Nature teachus us."

The truth that the Blessed One made known to us two thousand years ago science openly proclaims in somewhat different language at the present day. It teaches: Man is but a single cell in the organism of humanity. His worth as an individual is nothing apart from the rest of the organism. All the latent powers in him he owes to the ancestral lives that are seeing within his eyes and listening within his ears. Nor can his natural endowments and capabilities find suitable development and right employment apart from other human beings. He can live only in and with the grand life of mankind as a whole. Its vital energies not only produce him, but even maintain him till death. Its elevation carries him upward with it, and its downfall brings him down with it. Being but an insignificant episode in the only important existence, he can not lay claim to everlasting life. But as the generations before him have contributed to his being, so can he also contribute to the formation of future generations. If he desires perpetual life, the only way he could secure it is by living in the whole and for the whole. Therefore what is good for all mankind, what will create more favourable conditions for their existence and perfection, is also good for the individual; what will jeopardise the life of humanity or degrade it is also bad for him. A perfected humanity is his heaven, a decaying humanity is his hell. To preserve and enhance the worth of human life is virtue; to degrade humanity and lead it to perdition is vice.

The end and aim of human life according to Buddhism is not the acquirement of wealth nor the satisfaction of the natural inclinations. It is the attainment of that perfection which consists in

perfect wisdom, perfect love and perfect freedom. Can this faith in the perfection of mankind inspire men with enthusiasm? It has done so in the past, and there seems to be no reason why it should not be equally serviceable now or in the future. Humanity, as we see it now, consisting of poor pitiful beings, "with their wild hopes and vain attempts to realise them, with their struggles and failures and successes more bitter than failures, or, worst of all, with the resignation of an irremediable despair; all alike, young and old, rich and poor, good and bad, drifting down the long thoroughfare of life, with no end before them but the grave," may excite more pity than enthusiasm. But an idealized humanity, an ideal to be realized in the future, would necessarily arouse in man an enthusiasm driving to action. History shows how strongly man has been moved by the contemplation of ideal objects, whose existence he may not assert. Even in religious belief the most effective part has been similar to that which we have in objects of imagination. Nor is an ideal at any time absolutely non-existent. It is always partially realized, even though the extent of its realization may be infinitesimally small. In man are always present the traces of what he may become, the germs of enlightenment that even in savage bosoms stir up

> "longings, yearnings, strivings
> For the good they comprehend not."

P. LAKSHMI NARASU.

(To be continued)

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DUTCHMEN IN TRAVANCORE.

IN the seventeenth century of the Christian era, five European nations, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Danes, the English and the French traded with India on a considerable scale. Though all these possessed settlements on the Malabar Coast, only three, the Portuguese, the Dutch and the English ever seem to have striven to obtain the monopoly of the trade of Malabar. The French did not build even a single factory in Travancore, while the Dutch who actually owned two warehouses, the one at Edava in Chirayinkil and the other at Kulachel in Eraniel, were too poor and lazy to survive in the general struggle for existence.[2] Of Edava, Captain Hamilton writes in 1700 A. D., "The Danes have a small factory here standing on the seaside. It is a thatched house of a very mean aspect and their trade answers every way to the figure their factory makes."[3] "The poor Danes have also a residence in Malabar" notes J. C. Visscher in 1723 "called Eddava, resembling a miserable hut rather than the dwelling of a commercial officer. This nation has fallen quite into obscurity in these parts, for its want of money and influence; so that the natives last year refused them lodging there; upon which their superintendent repaired to Quilon to dwell for a time under our protection" Of Kulachel the Abbe Raynal writes thus about 1760:—"The factory of the Danes at Kollachy is nothing more than a small storehouse where they might nevertheless be supplied with two lakhs of weight of pepper. But such is their indolence or their poverty that they have made but one purchase and that of a very small quantity these ten years."[4] Kunchan Nambiar, in his enumeration of foreign powers on this Coast about 1750, makes mention of only three *viz.*, Paranki or the Portuguese, Lanta or the Dutch, and Inkriyes or the English.[5] These three have, one after another, held in their hands the control of Malabar commerce ever since the beginning of the sixteenth century A. D.

The Portuguese were the first in the field, and the genius of Albuquerque easily secured an Oriental empire for them. But they

1. The chief French settlements on the Coast were first Tellicherry and Calicut, and afterwards Mahe.
2. Their chief station in South India was Tranquebar on the Coramandel Coast.
3. Pinkerton's Collection of Voyages and Travels, Vol. VIII, p. 383.
4. Raynal's History of the Settlements of Trade, Vol. I, p. 367.
5. Nambiyar's Nalacharitam Tullal, Introduction.

were not to retain it long. Portugal itself was overrun by Spain in 1578, and though the former regained her liberty in 1640,[6] the mismanagement of her possessions in the East had been too gross in the interval, to be wholly remedied afterwards. The Synod of Diamper in 1599 was the last great event in the history of that nation in Malabar.[7] For some 60 years more, they continued to hold some settlements on the Coast. But their power had gone, and the natives no longer feared them. It was a period of indolence and luxury and of indigence and vanity. Other nations had now appeared on the scene, with greater vigour and stronger will. The Dutchmen were now going to have their turn.

The success of this nation in the East Indies in the seventeenth century was as rapid as it was remarkable. It was only in 1602 that the Dutch East India Company was formally organized[8], but in the course of the next fifty years they founded numerous settlements all along the Coast from South Africa to New Guinea and dislodged the Portuguese from most of their strongholds, destroying upwards of 300 of their vessels.[9] The conquest of Ceylon was completed in 1658, and in 1660 a powerful fleet under the command of Admiral Van Geons started for Malabar, with the ostensible object of replacing Rajah Vira Kerala Varma of Cochin on his throne,[10] but really to drive the Portuguese away from the Coast.

Quilon[11] was the chief Portuguese possession in Travancore. This was attacked on the 8th December 1660 and captured without the least resistance. There had been only thirty Portuguese stationed in that city, who, having had some notice of the arrival of the Dutch, left the fortress, in charge of the native contingent, 800 strong, some fifteen days earlier and fled to Cochin. The natives had resolved to murder all the invaders except a few who were to be sent as prisoners to Portugal. As Van Geons came to know of this, no quarter was given to the enemy, and the whole town was pillaged and burnt for several days. The garrison was pursued as far as Azhikkal in the north. All the churches were pulled down with the exception of that dedicated to St. Thomas, and the old fortifications

6. Day's Land of the Perumals, pp. 11 and 114.
7. Hough's Christianity in India, Vol. I.
8. Hunter's Imperial Gazetteer, Vol. VI, p. 361.
9. Visscher's Letters from Malabar, p. 38.
10. Cochin Census Report for 1901, p. XXIII.
11. Churchill's Voyages, Vol. II.

were considerably reduced. In 1662, Cranganore and Cochin were taken from the Portuguese which practically made the Dutch masters of the entire commerce of Malabar.

In the same year, a treaty was concluded with the Queen of Quilon, according to which her palace and great guns were restored and a large sum of money paid to her by the Company for the loss that they had inflicted upon her territories in the recent war. In 1663, and 1664, alliances were entered into with almost all the principal princes of Travancore, the chief of which is dated the 21st February in the latter year. The Company was represented by Captain John Nieuhoff, and the kings of Karunagapalli, Travancore, Quilon and Kottarakara were parties to the transaction. Nobody, after this treaty, was to import, sell or exchange any amsion (opium) into these countries except the Dutch East India Company. No one was permitted to export pepper or cinnamon out of the country or to sell them to any one except to this Company. A certain price was settled, between both parties and what share each should have in the custom, whereby all former pretensions and exceptions were annulled. Treaties of a similar nature were concluded also with the kings of Kayenkulam and Pirakkad. In 1667 the four chief settlements of the Dutch on this Coast, Quilon, Kayenkulam, Cranganore and Cannanore, were placed under the command of the Dutch Commodore at Cochin. The Portuguese became altogether powerless, and the English who had owned two settlements in North Travancore *viz.*, at Karunagapalli and Pirakkad were driven away thence as also from Cochin.

Divisions of Travancore in 1660. Travancore at this time was divided into the following kingdoms:—

1. To the extreme south lay the kingdom of Travavcore. The great Tirumala Naik of Madura invaded it in 1635, and as his invasions were often repeated, an army of 10,000 soldiers was maintained by the king. His territories extended from Cape Comorin to Quilon with the exception of Parur which was under the direct sway of the Queen of Jayasimhanad or as the Europeans called it Signati. The chief town was Padmanabhapuram, which was surrounded by a wall 24 ft. high. The royal palace was surrounded by another stone-wall. Kottar was a town of great traffic. Cape Comorin, Tiruvellam and Varkalay were places of pilgrimage. Many Mahomedans inhabited the towns of Tengapattanam, Kuzhithura and

Katiyapatnam. Suchindram was a large and populous city. Verrage or Tiruvettar was a very famous town. At Attingal lived the female members of the royal family. The Travancore king alone, of all the chief rulers of Malabar, did not treat the Zamorin as his suzerain. He also seems to have taken a mediator's part in the disputes among the other Malabar kings, for we see him finding fault with the Dutch Company for driving Godavarma Rajah (Gondorma) of Vettatnad from Cochin.

2. *Jayasimhanad*, otherwise called Quilon, was a small principality extending as far as Azhikkal in the north and Parur in the south. Its princes were closely allied to the kings of Travancore, and in 1600 the eldest member of the Quilon or Travancore royal family appears to have ruled over the whole country of Venad from Quilon to Cape Comorin. At the time of the Dutch invasion, the State was subdivided into three or four minor powers which cannot be correctly identified at present.

3. *Peritalli.*—This is said by Nieuhoff to have been bordering upon the kingdon of the Naiks of Madura in 1660. It had no sea-coast, and according to Visscher, extended as far as the mountains in the east. About 1710 it was united with Kayenkulam by adoption.[12] Francis Day says that it was seized in 1734 by the Maharajah of Travancore along with the Elyeda Swarupam with which it had been united a few years previously.[13] Both Visscher and Day cannot be right. It is believed that the country referred to must have been Nedumangad.

4. *Elayeda-Swarupam* was another principality that lay to the east of Jayasimhanad. It included Kottarakara and Pattanapuram, Shenkottah and Kalakkad. Heer Van Rheede in 1694 remarks that Terivancore (Travancore) could collect 100,000 soldiers, Attingen which, being under the direct sway of the Queens of Travancore, is treated separately by European writers, 30,000, Elayedaswarupam 50,000, Peritalli 3,000 and Quilon 30,000. All these, however, were once portions of Travancore, and so Rheede calls the whole territory by the name of Tippopposorivan or Trippappur Swarupam.[14]

5. *Karunagapalli* or Marta, so called from its chief town Marutakkulamgara was another principality to the north of Quilon,

12. Visscher's Letters from Malabar, p. 59.
13. Day's Land of the Perumals, p. 130.
14. Pinkerton's Voyages, Vol. VII.

In 1660, it was ruled by an old and intelligent monarch. The Mahomedans settled here in considerable numbers from Cannanore and monopolised the trade. It extended as far as Kayenkulam in the north and Azhikkal in the south. Mavelikkara was a portion of this kingdom with Putiyakavu as its chief town. It became subject to Kayenkulam before 1720.

6. *Kayenkaulam* claimed the second rank among the kingdoms of Travancore. Even in 1599, Travancore and Kayenkulam were at war concerning the possession of Kallada, a town in the Quilon Taluk.[15] The Rajah of Kayenkulam became very powerful after the possession of Karunagapalli and Peritalli and would have taken Quilon also in 1731, but for the foresight of Maharajah Marthanda Varma.

7. *Tirukkunnappulay* or Karthigapalli was another small kingdom, stretching inland to a considerable extent. Visscher says it was ruled by a powerful monarch of great authority. It seems that about 1730, this territory also formed part of Kayenkulam.

8. *Pantalam* or Panopoli lay to the east of Kayenkulam. Visscher says it had merged in 1720 into Kayenkulam by adoption. This appears somewhat doubtful.

9. *Ambalapuzha* or Pirakkad was a powerful kingdom. The Rajah, when Nieuhoff visited him in 1662, knew the Portuguese language perfectly well. No theft was known in his territories. Kutamalur inland, and Pirakkad were the principal towns. "We were forced to go by water" writes Nieuhoff "through several channels and rivers, the country thereabouts being full of both, like Holland, affording scarcely any passage by land, but by the dykes, all the rest being rice-fields curiously planted with trees on all sides." The country bordered to the north on Cochin and to the south on Kayenkulam. Most of the king's revenue was obtained from pirates on the Coast.

10. *Tekkumkur or South Vempalanad* was an independent kingdom. The Dutch do not appear to have had any factory in this kingdom. It embraced the Taluks of Tiruvella, once belonging to the Brahmans, Changanachery and Kottayam. Visscher says in 1723 "The Rajah possesses a beautiful territory superior to any other I have yet seen in Malabar. This country is also very populous and possesses roads and a fresh and pleasant climate."

11. *Vadakkumkur or North Vempalanad* was a large province though not very powerful. The Dutch East India Company did not conclude any treaty with this king first, but afterwards built a factory at Vechur.

12. *Punjar* ruled over the mountains of South Todupuzha and Minachil. It is never mentioned in Dutch and Portuguese works, and like Pantalam, seldom entered into any relation with other powers in the country.

13. *Alengat or Mangat* included Alwaye and extended as far as Malayatur in the east.

14. *Edappali or Replien* was a principality in the Kunnatnad Taluk.

15. *Parur* under a Brahman lord also held independent sway. The Rajahs of Ambalapuzha, Vaddakkumkur, Alengad and Parur were bound to assist the Rajah of Cochin against the Zamorin in return for which they had a voice in the election of a new prince to the Cochin throne. It is indeed with pardonable inpatience that Nieuhoff, after an enumeration of their kingdoms, remarks in conclusion, "On this Coast there are so many petty kingdoms that it requires no small time to distinguish and know them from one another."

Thus the Dutch soon monopolised the whole trade of Malabar. Dr. John Fryer says about them in 1675 "Carnopoly is some miles to the north of Quilon formerly inhabited by the Portuguese and from them taken by the Ducth who have built a castle there and lord it over the natives, so that at Carnopoli, the Dutch exact custom for all the goods they carry off to sea, though there live but one boy and two Dutchmen.........The Dutch will leave nothing unattempted to engross the spice-trade; for none has escaped but this of pepper: Cinnamon, aloes and nutmegs are wholly theirs, and by the measures they follow, this also in time must fall into their hands. Nor indeed are pretensions wanting, they holding here their right by conquest (a fairer claim than undermining). They boast in a manner they have subdued the natives which, is no hard matter, since this region in Malabar is divided into petit signiories or arch-rebels against the Zamorin of Calicut."[16] The Dutch had concluded alliances with all the Malabar princes and thought that these

15. Hough's Christianity in India, Vol. II, p. 17.
16. Fryer's Voyage to the East Indies, p. 55.

had secured them the monopoly of the entire trade of Malabar. They saw, however, only later on, the utter folly of their procedure. As Stavorinus writes in 1776[17] "One of the principal objects of the Company in expelling the Portuguese from this Coast was to become possessed of the pepper trade exclusively of all the others, to which perhaps, other reasons of a political character might be added. They, however, met with much disappointment on this head, both by the bad faith of the Malabar princes and by the constantly increasing competition of European rivals who adopted a surer mode of obtaining as much pepper as they wanted by following the market price or even paying something above it, while the Dutch Company continually insisted upon the performance of contracts that no pepper should be furnished to others." As an instance of this may be mentioned the incident that when the Rajah of Karunagapalli asked Captain Nieuhoff what quantity of pepper the Company might require, he replied that they wanted the whole and would have nothing in parts. The selling of pepper to other nations was stigmatised as contraband trade which ought to be put a stop to by compulsion if other means were not sufficient, and force was resorted to at different times to effect this object. But the princes themselves, even if they had the will, had not the power to restrain their subjects from carrying on trade with foreign nations. The Dutch, therefore, from the beginning had to dazzle the eyes of both princes and people with their soldiers and wealth. They had to be reckless in their expenditure and build fortifications at every point. But all these ostentations which cost the Company such large sums of money had not the effect of producing in the native princes that degree of awe and apprehension which is indispensably necessary for carrying on an exclusive trade. Smuggling was largely indulged in by the natives. Commandant Cunes wrote in 1756 that full ten cargoes of pepper *i. e.*, between eight and nine millions of pounds' weight might be annually exported from Malabar, but that half of this was taken over to the Coromandel Coast.[18] This ruinous policy of other European nations had been perceived even so early as 1615 by Sir Thomas Roe who writes "The Portuguese, notwithstanding their many rich residences, are beggared by the keeping of soldiers and yet their garrisons are but mean. They never made advantage

17. Stavorinus's Voyages, Vol. III, p. 271.
18. Stavorinus's Voyages, Vol. III, p. 220.

of the Indies since they defended them. Observe this well. It has also been the error of the Dutch who seek plantations here by the sword. They turn a wonderful stock; they prole in all places; they possess some of the best, yet their dead pays consume all the gain." That great Englishman was a real prophet, and the Dutch after displaying too much magnificence and ostentation at the beginning soon after resolved, at one stroke, to curtail all their expenditure, thereby exposing themselves to the redicule of every prince in Malabar. As Mr. Swaarderkroon wrote in 1698 "It is to be regretted that the Company carried so much sail here at the beginning that they are now desirous of striking them in order to avoid being overset."

The Chief of Cochin was called the Governor and Director. Colster was the first Governor of Cochin and Van Spall the last. After 1795, no Governors had to be appointed by the Company. A council, consisting of a second who was the senior merchant, the fiscal, the chief military, &c., was organised to assist the Governor. The Secretary to this Council was a junior merchant, who had at the same time to hold the office of translator of the Malabar language and chief of the factory at Quilon. There were Dutch Residents in all important stations such as Crangancre, Kayenkulam, Pirakkatt and Chatwa. In 1686 it was suggested[19] that, owing to the heavy expenses of the Company, all the fortifications in Cochin, Cranganore, Cannanore, and Quilon need not be kept up, the garrison in them should be withdrawn or reduced and the number of the Company's qualified servants greatly diminished. The Supreme Government of Batavia took these suggestions into consideration in 1697 and declared that the fortifications of Cochin should be reduced by one half, that at Cranganore, the Portuguese tower alone ought to be permitted to remain, and that all fortifications except the ancient interior works should be immediately demolished, and that at Quilon no more should be retained than the old Portuguese tower or as much of the existing works as might be thought necessary for the interest of the Company together with 15 or 20 men to which number the establishment there was to be reduced. It was also settled that at Pirakkad, Tengapatnam and Kayenkulam a book-keeper with two private soldiers should be placed to watch opportunities of trade. The navigation of the Malabars was in no way to be disturbed. 45 pieces of iron and 6 pieces of

19. This date has been given by Stavorinus. Dr. Day takes the event to 1680, on what authority, it is not known.

brass ordinance with two motors were judged sufficient artillery to meet all emergencies: 530 Europeans and 37 Natives alone were to be employed in the military service.

More economical measures had to be adopted as years advanced. In 1723 Visscher wrote that though a ship of 145 ft. was sufficient to provide all the Dutch settlements on the Malabar Coast with both the merchandise and provisions requisite for a year, the maintenance of the garrison, its munition and its servants cost the Company a very large sum of money. Further, a new dispensary, rice-warehouse, hospital and powder magazine and a new fort each at Chetwa and Pirakkat were built by the Dutch on the Malabar Coast. They had also many expensive wars with native princes, the one of 1717 itself costing them, nearly two million francs. As a consequence of this, the Supreme Government of Batavia already urged their representatives in Cochin to desist from keeping up continual warfare and to endeavour to live in peace with their neighbours. The expenses of the Company nevertheless increased, and the only three reasons according to Visscher why Dutchmen still desired to retain their possessions in Malabar were to preserve the monopoly of the pepper trade, to use Cochin as a provision-station for vessels and to make the same town serve as an outpost to protect Ceylon against the attacks of other European nations. In 1739, Van Imhoff suggested two expedients for the retention of the trade monopoly of Malabar by the Dutch, *viz.*, either to follow the market-price in the purchase of pepper or to imprison all the refractory princes and thus enforce their contracts. The first of these methods appeared to him to be both unprofitable and unjust, and so only the second was advised to be pursued. Thus the craze for monopoly only increased as pecuniary loss became more and more felt, and in 1740 a new treaty was concluded with the Raja of Edappalli according to which he was obliged to deliver up all his pepper to the Company. So miserable indeed did the situation become in the course of two more years that in 1742 when Commandant Golonesse wrote to the Supreme Government of Batavia, that Malabar was, in spite of the expense undergone in its maintenance, one of the most important possessions of the Dutch Company in the East Indies, the Governor-General Mossel made the desperate reply: "I am so far from being of your opinion that I rather wish the ocean had swallowed up the Coast of Malabar, an hundred years ago." In 1745, the expenses

and losses of the establishment increased so much that notwithstanding all the profits during the five previous years, the pay ran greatly into arrear. Three wars were waged in three different continents, Africa, Asia and Oceania at one and the same time, which set the Company materially backwards in their East Indian affairs. Some fifteen years later the Abbe Raynal notes "The events have not answered their expectations. The Company have not succeeded in their hope of excluding other European nations from this Coast. They procure no kind of merchandise here but what they are furnished with from their other settlements, and being rivalled in their trade, they are obliged to give a higher price here than in the markets where they enjoy an exclusive privilege." The same author gives in P. 219 of the first volume of his "History of Trade Settlements" a detailed account of the losses till then sustained by the Company. The only three articles of commerce that the Dutch got in large quantities were coir, fish salted by dipping it several times in the sea and cut into pieces of the thickness of the length of a man's finger and sent in ships to Acheen, and cowries collected by women and put into parcels each containing about 12,000 of them. They sold chiefly alum, camphor, sugar, iron, lead, copper and quicksilver. In 1779, it was found that the expenses of the Company amounted to 489,645 francs, while the income came only up to 414,977. Stavorinus well sums up the case when he writes "Malabar is not one of the most advantageous or important possessions of the Dutch in the East Indies. It costs the Company much money on account of the destructive wars in which they have in consequence engaged, the rivalry in trade of numerous competitors and though last, not least, the infidelity and peculation of their servants."

But the most important cause of the decline of the Dutch supremacy on the Malabar Coast was the ruinous war that the Company carried on against Maharajah Marthanda Varma of Travancore in the eighteenth century. It has been observed before that the Travancore king was a party to the treaty of 1664 with the Dutch East India Company. But soon after, the relations between the two powers became considerably straitened. The English had first occupied Vizhinjam and Kovalam, but after the factory of Anjengo was built in 1695, that became the centre of English trade in Venad. The Dutch had only one important factory in the country

namely that at Tengapatnam, but as Tuticorin on the other Coast also belonged to them, the former served as a convenient port for collecting Malabar goods and despatching them thither. For some time it seemed that the Dutch alone would be shown consideration in the Maharajah's court. The early English settlers in Travancore did not pay scrupulous respect to the customs and prejudices of the natives. If we may believe Visscher, some English merchants seized a Brahman Pandit and compelled him to shave the beards of their slaves, in return for which the natives blockaded the port of Anjengo and inflicted heavy disaster upon the Company. This unfriendly relation was, however, only momentary and destined to pass away soon.

With the beginning of the reign of Maharajah Vira Marthanda Varma, a change manifested itself in the foreign policy of Venad. Marthanda Varma was a born conqueror. Assisted in a spirit of the purest self-sacrifice by Rama Ayyan Dalawa with whom Eustace D'lanoy subsequently joined, and after the death of that great minister by Ayyappan Marthanda Pillai Dalawa, the Maharajah was destind to play a memorable part in the history of Travancore, a part which had for its result the unification of several warring principalities under a mighty ruler. It was the genius of Marthanda Varma that evolved order out of the chaos that had brooded over the country, and it was also due to his great vigour and energy that the petty principalities of Travancore were welded together into one homogeneous and compact whole. Abbe Raynal writes of this sovereign "The father of Karthiga Tirunal Maharaja added more dignity to his crown than any of his predecessors. He was a man of great abilities.........The interior parts of his gountry were benefited by his conquests, a circumstance that rarely happens." Father Pulinus writes "Vira Martanda Pala was a man of great pride, courage and talents; capable of undertaking grand enterprises and from his youth had been accustomed to warlike operations." The native poet Ramapurattu Variyar says the bare truth when he sings "മാൎത്താണ്ഡാഢ്യായിരിക്കും പ്രത്യക്ഷദേവതയുടെ മാഹാത്മ്യമോൎത്തിട്ടു മനസ്സലിഞ്ഞിടുന്നു." He was not merely an admirable conqueror and king, but also one of the noblest and most pious-hearted men whom India has known.

The foreign Dutchmen became the mediators of disputes in Malabar royal houses in the early decades of the eighteenth century, and in 1734 four different deputations waited on Commodore Maten,

the Governor of Cochin, from four princes of Malabar. One of these was that of the Rajah of Kayenkulam, against the Rajah of Travancore who had been preparing to attack his territories. The Governor first refused him aid; but subsequently informed the Maharajah that expedition ought to be made against Kayenkulam and that as the annexation of Kottarakara was an illegal act that territory ought to be restored to the surviving Rani. To this the Maharajah did not hesitate to reply that it was an unfortunate circumstance that foreigners should be called upon to arbitrate among native princes, and that the Dutch East India Company had nothing to complain of so long as their commercial relations with Travancore did not undergo any change. On the 6th July 1739, Van Imhoff, Governor of Cochin, wrote to Batavia that the king of Travancore having been always successful in the wars which he had undertaken, had made himself so far respected by all the chief princes of the Malabar Coast, that he was looked upon by every one with eyes of jealousy and apprehension. He further observed, that besides making it impossible for the Dutch to maintain a balance of power among the rulers of Malabar, that prince had wholly attached himself to their competitors, namely the English, whose increase of power could not but be pregnant with the most alarming consequences to the interests of the Company. The Rajah, he added, merited some severe chastisement for his insolence, at the hands of the Company. Without even waiting for a reply the same Governor proceeded to Trivandrum at the beginning of the next year, and after a good deal of discussion with the Maharajah said that the Dutch had resolved upon an invasion of the Travancore territory. The Maharajah suddenly broke up the conference with the sneering remark that he too had been thinking of some day invading Europe with his *manchis* and fishermen.

Thus the Travancore-Dutch war began in 1741, and lasted for seven years. It was the greatest and the most frightful war into which Travancore was ever called upon to enter, and the names of Marthanda Varma and Rama Aiyyan will always be remembered with patriotic pride by every native of this country, in connection therewith. The Dutch reinstated the Rani on the Elayedaswarupam throne. But the Travancore troops defeated the Dutch in the battle of Kottarakara and drove the Rani to Cochin. We read in the Dutch records of Cochin that the Rani was given an allowance

of two rupees five annas, probably per day. Every Dutch outpost as far as Quilon was immediately evacuated, and the wildest consternation prevailed in the Company's camp.

In the meanwhile, Imhoff's Ceylon army had landed at Kulachel in South Travancore and advanced as far as Eraniel. The great warrior Rama Iyen took the field against them on the 10th April 1741 and at Kulachel gained a complete victory. It was here that Eustace D'lanoy, afterwards Captain of the Maharajah's body-guard battalion was taken prisoner. The Dutch then rendered every assistance to the Kayenkulam Rajah and other chiefs with whom Travancore was at war, and in 1743 captured the fort of Kilimanur to make a sudden dash at Attingal where the Travancore princesses lived. The Maharajah immediately started with his nephew, afterwards the famous Rama Varma Kulasekhara Perumal, his trusted minister Rama Iyen and Captain D'lanoy and arriving at Kilimanur besieged the fort. The Dutch garrison held out for six days, but being defeated in the end, beat a precipitate retreat to Quilon, along with the Kayenkulam Rajah and Commandant Golonese.

Peace conferences were held at Mavelikara and Parur without effect. The Dutch simply wanted to gain time for obtaining instructions from Batavia. At last on the 18th of October 1748 the draft treaty was sanctioned and on the 15th of August 1752, finally ratified by the Batavian Government. A summary of the conditions may be found in Mr. Sankunni Menon's History, all of which were more or less favourable to Travancore. Two articles, the 9th and the 20th, deserve prominent notice. The first stipulated that the Company should recede from all engagements which they might have entered into with other Malabar princes whom the king of Travancore might choose to attack and on no account interfere in their disputes and afford them assistance or shelter; nor in any respect raise any opposition to the enterprise of the king. "This was" observes Stavorinus "the chief object of the king of Travancore and that in which he most interested himself. Filled with the intention and fired with the the idea of making extensive conquests, he knew no obstacle so powerful to prevent the accomplishment of his desires at the power of the Company." The 20th article demanded that the Dutch should annually supply Travancore with the following articles, at the stated prices mentioned below :—

	£.	s.	d. each
one fire-lock	1	1	0
100 gun lints	0	1	2
100 leaden musket bullets	0	1	3.

and some iron work and brass cannon to the value of Rs 2000, in return for which the Maharajah was to sell them 3000 candies of pepper from the territories he already owned and 2000 candies more from those which he might subsequently acquire at 57 and 55 Rs. per candy respectively. 4 fanams per candy was fixed as the export duty. According to the 24th article, an annual present of £. 44 was agreed to be given to the Maharajah. The *cutcha* cloths of Kottar and Kulachel were largely in demand even at the end of the 17th century. They had been first sold to the Dutch at Tuticorin, *via*, Tengapatnam, but afterwards to the English at Anjengo. By this treaty the Dutch secured all the surplus cotton cloths of Travancore for themselves on the payment of a considerable sum of money. "The treaty" writes Dr. Day "does not appear to have brought either credit or money to the Dutch." Thus ended the great war with Travancore from whose enervating effects the Company never recovered. The Dutch had to throw over all their native allies, as they had pledged to leave them absolutely to the mercy of Travancore. The princes saw the utter helplessness of their situation and made at once a united appeal to the Zamorin of Calicut to invade the Dutch factories in Malabar and Cochin. Commandant Cunes immediately applied to the Maharajah for assistance, but he merely replied that he had told the ambassadors of the Zamorin to dissuade their master from doing so. On the 18th of October 1756, the Zamorin sent Ezekiel Rabbe a Jew to Cunes, proposing favourable terms if they would join him in attacking Travancore; but the Governor merely wrote to Batavia "Should Travancore refuse to join us, it becomes the more urgent, that your excellencies should furnish sufficient forces, to enable us to assume a commanding position merely to overawe these Malabar chiefs and thus to continue on terms of the most intimate friendship with Travancore, without the slightest room for any misunderstanding." And so the Zamorin's proposal came to nothing. Commandant De Jong succeeded Cunes as Governor. Fearing that the Maharajah whose dominions had now advanced as far as Cochin would take possession of Chetwa as well, the new Governor

proposed to fix certain limits for the Dutch and Travancore territories. This irritated the Maharajah who said that the Company must be content with the delivery of pepper and other products in such a manner and in such quantities as he chose to allow and that he did not pretend to look upon them in any other light than that of merchants who were not possessed of any territorial jurisdiction or supreme authority, and who ought to follow the market prices in paying for such purchases. The cotton cloths of South Travancore were thereafter sold again to the English at Anjengo. The Dutch Company resolved to put up with all these indignities without a word of murmur. They had thoroughly known the strength of Maharajah Marthanda Varma's arms, and they durst not, for all the world, quarrel with him again.

The time now arrived for the final departure of the great Maharajah. It was the month of July in 1758. Plassey had been but recently won by Clive, and in all Southern India the English were still looked upon as a weak nation. Marthanda Varma called to his bed-side the heir-apparent to the throne and said to him in all solemn sincerity: "These Englishmen appear to be destined to rise to such power and glory as are hitherto unparalleled. Be it your constant aim and endeavour to secure their friendship and support." The subsequent history of Travancore has well shown how far these prophetic words were respected, not only by his immediate successor, but by every ruler who has thereafter sat on this ancient throne.

One of the earliest acts of Maharajah Rama Varma was to throw open two new ports for public trade, one at Puntura and the other at Alleppey. The Dutch factory at Pirakkad became useless in consequence, and Father Paulinus writes that the Dutch revenue went down considerably thereafter. In 1767 the Company's losses became thoroughly unbearable. Strict orders were received from Batavia to destroy the forts of Chetwa, Quilon, and Cranganore, which, however, the Cochin Governor did not think it in the Company's interests to carry out then. In 1771 Adrian Moens became the Governor. Hyder applied to him for a free passage for his troops through the Dutch settlements to Travancore. The Governor tried to effect a triple alliance among the Dutch, Cochin and Travancore, but the Maharajah said that as he had already entered into a treaty with the Nawab of Arcot, he could not take the offensive without

losing the support of the Nawab. He, in fact, relied more upon the strength of his frontier lines in the north and the support of the English than a renewed alliance with a fallen power. After the success of Hyder Ali's ambuscade at Chetwa, the Company became thoroughly disheartened. All the Malabar settlements of the Dutch had now become subject to Mysore. Orders were again despatched from Batavia to sell all the Company's forts, and Quilon was sold to Travancore in 1770 for a lakh of rupees. The price of pepper per candy had been in the meantime raised to Rs. 115 from 57; but in 1790 the Maharajah refused to furnish any, unless a higher price was agreed to be paid by the Company. Before 1793 Van Angelbeck, the Governor, sold all the factories and lands that the Dutch possessed in Travancore and Cochin to the princes of those two States respectively. Cranganore and Ayikotta fell to the share of Travancore, and only Cochin, the Capital of Dutch Malabar, remained to be disposed of. In the beginning of 1795, Van Spall became Governor of Cochin. Angelbeck at the time of his leaving office directed his successor not to permit the English to interfere in the affairs of Cochin 'for' wrote he "if they are allowed to insert their little finger in the affairs of these regions they will not rest until they have managed to thrust in the whole arm." But Providence did not leave it to the choice of the Dutch Governor to permit the English to become pre-eminent in the councils of the Rajahs on the West Coast. The army of the Revolution had marched from France, and driving the Stadtholder thence to Great Britain, occupied the Netherlands, without hindrance or opposition. The unfortunate refugee issued a general command to all the Dutch Governors and commandants of stations that English troops ought to be permitted to occupy them all, lest the French should take possession of them. On the 3rd of March 1795, directions were transmitted from the India Office, to seize all the Dutch East India Company's possessions in the East. On July 23rd, Major Petrie marched from Calicut to Cochin, and forced the Governor to capitulate on condition on the 19th of October. All the settlements of the Company in the East Indies were occupied by English troops. In the redistribution of dominions among the various European powers after the banishment of Napolean, Holland got Java back, but not Cochin, the only Malabar settlement she owned in 1795.

Thus concludes the history of the Dutch on the Malabar Coast—a magnificent beginning, a melancholy end. A Portuguese priest at Goa was once asked by a Dutchman, "When do you imagine the sway of my countrymen will die away like that of yours in India?" As soon he replied "as the wickedness of your nation shall exceed that of mine." The Dutch can nevertheless, be scarcely said to have been positively wicked. Sir William Hunter says "The fall of the Dutch colonial empire resulted from its short-sighted commercial policy............It remained from first to last destitute of sound economical principles." The Dutch have not left many marks of their ascendency on this Coast, presenting themselves in this respect a sad contrast to the Portuguese. They have no doubt influenced the architecture and vocabulary of this land, but only to an inappreciably small extent. "The failure of the Dutch policy," notes Dr. Day, "should be a warning to other nations." Their appearance in Malabar was like that of a meteor in the sky. They shone forth in their full lustre for a moment and then disappeared for ever.

S. PARAMESWARA AIYAR.

SOME POINTS IN TAMIL LITERARY HISTORY.

IN the *Malabar Quarterly* for March 1904, Mr. K. B. Ramanatha Iyer draws attention to a work of the French savant, Professor Julien Vinson who offers some remarks on the history of Tamil literature. Mr. Iyer has thus rendered valuable service to the Tamil public the majority of whom could not have read (or even cannot read) the French original. The Professor divides Tamil literary history into three periods:—The Jain Period, the Buddhistic Period and the Brahmanic Revival in chronological order. The first period falls between the ninth and the twelfth or the thirteenth centuries; the second between the twelfth and the sixteenth centuries; the third, the period contemporaneous with Vallabha Deva, *alias* Ativira Rama Pandyan of Madura, and his followers. He ascribes the *Kamba Ramayanam*, Villiputurar's *Bharatam* and the *Sthala Puranas* to the third period, *viz.*, that of the Saiva ascendency. The grammarian Pavanandi and the lexicographers, Senden and Mandalapurusha, are given a later date. The most important of all his conclusions in this line is the period ascribed to the *Mahàkàvyas* of Tamil *viz.*, *Chintámani*, *Silappadhikáram* and *Manimekhalai*. He is of opinion that the second of these is the earliest in point of time. The first comes next in order; no dates or periods are ascribed to these, and the third is placed later than *Virasolyam* of Buddhamitra (end of the eleventh and beginning of the twelfth centuries) because "*Manimekhala* is not referred to in the work."

Before proceeding to examine these conclusions in the light of recent research, we might draw attention to another authority in the same line whose conclusions are no less important. Dr. Reinhold Rost's article in the Encyclopædia Brittanica* though seventeen years old now, was not deemed worthy of revision in issuing the supplementary volumes to the same monumental work. It is therefore, to be presumed that those concerned are of opinion that the conclusions arrived at in the article still hold good. These are its main conclusions in the department of literary history.

"But practically the earliest extant records of the Tamil language do not ascend higher than the middle of the eighth century of the Christian era, the grants in possession of the Israelites at Cochin being assigned by the late Dr. Burnell to about 750 A. D., a

* Vol. XXV.

period when Malayàlam did not exist yet as a separate language. There is every probability that about the same time a number of Tamil works sprang up, which are mentioned by a writer of the eleventh century as representing old literature." The article further mentions that the earlier of these might have been Saiva books, the more important of the others being "decidedly Jain." Admitting traces of northern influence, Tamil works are believed to shew a spirit of independence of Sanskrit influence. The *Tolkâppiyam*, the oldest Tamil grammar, is ascribed on the authority of Dr. Burnell to the eighth century, the *Virasoliyam* to the eleventh, and the *Nannùl* which superseded both, to the fifteenth century. "The period of prevalence of the Jainas in the Pandya kingdom, from the ninth or tenth to the thirteenth century, is justly termed the Augustan Age of Tamil literature. To its early doings is ascribed the *Naladiyàr*, which is supposed to have preceded the *Kural*."...... *Chintâmani* and the *Divakaram* are also both ascribed to this early Jain period. "Kamban's Ramayanam (about 1100 A. D.) is the only other Tamil epic which comes up to the *Chintàmani* in poetical beauty. The most brilliant of the poetical productions which appeared in the period of the Saiva revival (thirteenth and fourteenth centuries) are two collections of hymns addressed to Siva, the one called *Tiruvàsakam* by Manikka Vasagar, and a later and larger work called *Tevaram* by Sambandar, and two other devotees Sundarar and Appar. "The *Nalayiraprabandham* is a collection of Vaishnava hymns contemporaneous with the former. After a period of literary torpor, which lasted nearly two centuries, King Vallabha Deva, better known by his assumed name of Ati Vira Rama Pandyan, (second half of the sixteenth century) endeavoured to revive the love of poetry, by compositions of his own, the most celebrated of which is *Neidadam*. Ati Vira Raman was followed by a number of imitators &c.............."

This, in brief, is the substance of the part of Dr. Reinhold Rost's article dealing with the history of Tamil literature. We shall now proceed to examine the conclusions of these savants, with due deference to the high positions of the authors and with all gratitude for their having led the way in this line of enquiry.

The researches and astronomical calculations of Professor Kielhorn[1] have assigned 1562-63 A. D. as the date of the accession of Ati Vira

1. Epigraphia Indica, Vol. VII, p. 17.

Rama Pandyan. If then he marks an era in Tamil literature (he does mark the end of the period of decadence, and the revival under him and his followers may be called the classical period—a period when poetical compositions were made by rule of thumb), it must have begun at the earliest about 1600 A. D. In this there is no cause for dissent. Going back from this date through the two centuries of decadence or literary torpor, we arrive at 1300 A. D. This torpor is to be accounted for by the disturbed state of the country owing to the overthrow of Hindu kingdoms by two waves of Mussalman invasion. According to Dr. Rost then, 1300 A. D. would mark the latter end of the Saiva revival. And to this period, extending over perhaps a century or more, are ascribed the works of the Tevaram hymners, the Alvars and even Manikka Vâsagar. Professor Vinson would place the *Manimékhalá* also in this period. *Manimékhalà*, as admitted by the Professor himself, is a Buddhistic work, and we should rather feel inclined not to include it in the Saiva revival, if there had been such at the period. But of *Manimékhalá* later on. With respect to the others, Manikka Vasagar has not yet lent himself to any definite period. Mr. [L. C. Innes[2] placed him in the ninth century, Pundit Vedanayagam Pillai[3] in the third century, and Mr. Tirumalaikkolundu to a period different from either. But of the *Tevaram* hymners, Sambandar and Appar were contemporaries; and Sambandar paid a visit to Siruttondar, another of the sixty-three Saiva saints. This latter played an important part in the burning of Vàtàpi by the Pallavas, which event has been ascribed to Narasimha Varman Pallava in the middle of the seventh century A. D.[4] Therefore it is as good as certain now that Sambandar and Appar lived in the seventh century A. D. As to Sundarar, he was a contemporary of Cheraman, the last Perumal, the end of whose reign marks, according to some, at least, the beginning of the Kollam Era, 825 A. D. Whether this date be correct or not, he was certainly prior to Nambi Andar Nambi, a contemporary of Rajaraja Abhaya Kulasekhara, *alias* Raja Kesarivarman Raja Raja (985-1016 A. D.)[5] As to the Alvars, all of them were anterior to Ramanuja, in spite of Dr. Caldwell's statement to the contrary. A glance down the first twenty stanzas of the *Ramanuja Nurrandadi* (included in the 4000

2. Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review, April 1902.
3. Christian College Magazine, 1904.
4. Epigraphica Indica, Vol. III, pp. 277 et seq. and other references in page 52, of Miss Duff's Chronology of India.
5. The late Professor Sundaram Pillai's article in the Christian College Magazine,

Prabandhams) will shew the relation between Ramanuja and the Alvars. Ramanuja's date is 1017-1137 A. D., and no grounds have been as yet shewn anywhere that I know of, to regard this period as at all improbable, while the evidence in its favour is accumulating. Not only were they merely anterior, but some of them had also been deified generations before him. Nadhamuni, in the fifth generation before him, revived the chanting of Nammalvar's *Tiruvoymoli* already practised and forgotten.[6] In addition to these considerations, there is forthcoming epigraphical evidence of an unimpeachable character to place the Vaishnava Alvars and the Saiva Adiyars much anterior to 1000 A. D. Rajaraja made provision for the recital of the *Tevaram* in the Tanjore Temple.[7] His grandson—a viceroy, of Kongu, made provision for the recital of the works of two of the latest Alvars.[8] About 1000 A. D. images of gods in temples were named after *Tiruvoymoli*,[9] the work of Nammalvar. The theory of a Saiva revival from the tenth to the 13th centuries will definitely have to be given up. This is the period of commentaries and commentators rather than of writers. The revival which these works and their authors mark is a Hindu as opposed a Saiva revival. And its period is the seventh to the tenth century. It is in the following centuries—under the great Chola ascendency—that the antagonism between the two sects (Saivas and Vaishnavas) was getting pronounced. There were even in this period Jains and Buddhists, the former more than the latter, and these were not prevented from composing or writing works. This literary period is, therefore, coeval with the period of the Pallava supremacy in South India, and there is ample internal evidence in the works in support of this conclusion.

As to Kamban's Ramayanam being of 1100 A. D., this conclusion appears to be based on the old belief that it was published while a Rajendra Chôla was ruling. This ruler was identified with Kulottunga Chôla I. (1063-1118 A. D.) For this statement of contemporaneity there is no authority, and so far as the known circumstances of the author's history go, the date 807 Saka (or 885 A. D.) does not appear to be far beside the mark. Here, it may be observed in passing, that in regard to such enquiries it has hitherto been the fashion to discard all local and traditional evidence and accept

6. Srivaishnava Guruparamparia (a chronicle of Vaishnava high priests).
7. Inscriptions of Rajaraja. Dr. Hultzsch's South Indian Inscriptions.
8. Government Epigraphist's Report for 1900.
9. Vol. III, p, 1, South Indian Inscriptions.

nothing that has no epigraphical basis. It ought to be remembered in this connection, that all tradition is not necessarily false. If tradition be interpreted with care and other evidence duly brought to bear upon it, the result will be far from disappointing, and so it is with respect to Kamban. This is not to be understood to mean that all tradition is of equal value and quite credible. Kamban, I have pointed out elsewhere[10], could have had no royal patron, for he celebrates none, while he had a patron in a lesser mortal Sadaiappa Mudaliar. He was a contemporary of Nadhamuni who lived five generations before Ramanuja in point of lineage. The time occupied by these five generations, if we accept the year 885 A. D., would be 120 years and this is not improbable. Therefore Kamban may safely be referred to the ninth century A. D. One characteristic feature of this period deserves to be noticed here. It is that the metre adopted by poets during this period is what is called *Viruttam* (Sans-Vritta). All the accepted Sangam or earlier works are either in *Ahaval or Venba* metre. This would lead us to place the *Chintamani* at the commencement of this period, because it is a masterpiece in this line of composition and was, by tradition, the model for Kamban's Ramayanam. We have also reason to regard this as the period of great activity among the Jains. One reason chiefly insisted on by Pandit Vedanayagam for placing Manikka Vasagar in the third century is the transition we could notice in his works from the earlier metre to the later, as stated above.[11]

Before the seventh century A. D. then shall we have to look for the early period of Tamil literature—to be called appropriately the Augustan Age—the age, that is, of great patrons. This is also the period of Sangam activity. This is the period which has given us all the most important works extant in Tamil—*Silappadhikaram, Manimekhala, Pattuppattu, Padirruppattu* and a number of others. The *Tolkappiyam* is generally the grammar on which these works are based. I have set forth in full, elsewhere, the arguments in favour of regarding the early centuries of the Christian era—or more precisely the second and the first half of the third centuries—as the Augustan Age.[12] There is internal and external evidence in support of this conclusion in the works mentioned above and

10. Christian College Magazine, 1902.
11. An Article in the Christian College Magazine, 1904.
12. The Augustan Age of Tamil Literature.

others of the time. Whether this actual conclusion, I have arrived at (which is more or less in agreement with those of Mr. Kanaka Sabhai Pillai and the Honorable Mr. Kumaraswami of Ceylon) be the correct one or no, the day is long past when the works—the *Silappadhikaram*, *Manimekhala* and the *Kural*, can be ascribed to the period between the ninth and twelfth centuries A. D. *Silappadhikaram* was composed by Ilango, the Chera ascetic prince the younger brother of Senguttuvan the reigning king; *Manimekhala* by his friend the corn-merchant Sattan of Madura held in high esteem at the court of Senguttuvan at Vanji or Karoor (known at different times and circumstances, Kodungalur, Maha Udiyar pattanam, Vanjikulam &c.); the *Kural* of Tiruvalluvar is quoted by the two authors, and as such, it must have been well known at the time. This king Senguttuvan had a contemporary ruler, by name Gajabahu, of Ceylon who was an honoured guest at his court. Which of the Kayabahus of the Ceylonese Chronicle is this personage to be identified with? That the chronicle is not a history in the modern sense of the term does not admit of doubt. Dr. Fleet[13] is of opinion that the very names in the Chronicle are not correct, and much less, therefore, the dates. Professor Rhys Davids, on the contrary, finds the Chronicle borne out in important details by inscriptions in the Sanchi Tope.[14] For our present purpose, we find, in the whole list of kings in the *Mahavamsa*, only two rulers of the name of Kayabahu, one in the eleventh century A. D. and the earlier in the second century A. D. The reasons for identifying this Kayabahu, the friend of Senguttuvan, with the first of the name, have been set forth in full elsewhere.[15] It will be enough to state them briefly here. (1) The state of things as gathered from the works themselves shews that Tamil was the language of Chera at the time. Mr. Logan has pointed out in the *Manual of Malabar* that in the latter half of the eighth and the earlier half of the ninth centuries Malayalam was in the making.[16] The work, therefore, must have been composed much anterior to the eleventh century A. D., the date of Kayabahu II. (2) These works must have been much anterior to the *Kalingattuparani* celebrating the conquest (rather the re-conquest) of Kalingam by the Pallava General Karunakara Tondaman of

13. Footnote page 16. Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, 1904.
14. Buddhistic India, pages 299, 300 et seq.
15. The Augustan Age of Tamil Literature.
16. By comparing the language of the three Syrian Christian Grants.

Vandalur for the Chola Kulottunga. This event is placed by the late Professor Sundaram Pillai at about 1080 A. D.[17] In the genealogy of the Cholas given by the author, the Karikala of the *Pattinappalai* is placed much anterior to the ninth century A. D., and Dr. Hultzsch admits that he must have belonged to a dynasty anterior to that whose epigraphical records have come down to us.[18] (3) Sundaramurthi Náyànàr refers to Pari of Parambunadu (one of the last seven patrons celebrated in the Sirupanarruppadai) whose name had, by the time the Nayanar flourished, become proverbial for liberality. (4) The Sangam is said by tradition to have passed out of existence in the reign of Kun Pandya, *alias* Ninra Sir Nedumaran, the contemporary and convert of Gnana Sambanda (in the seventh century) who was one of the Saiva leaders of the Hindu Revival. The works under consideration are Sangam works—in the sense that they were either accepted by the Sangam or were composed at the time as could be clearly made out. (5) Mahanaman the author of the *Mahavamsa*, be he Sthavira Mahanaman the first of the name (538 A. D.) or the second (588 A. D.)[19], mentions a Gajabahu anterior to him. Whatever may be the actual date of Gajabahu, he must have flourished before the sixth century and perhaps much earlier. This is borne out by the fact that the Pallavas were gaining the ascendency in Southern India about this time and the Sangam works do not shew any trace of this ascendency. (6) The Chola capital was Kaveripoompattinam, with the alternative Uraiyur, and there is nothing of Tanjore or Gangakonda Solapuram, the capitals during the Chola Ascendency Period (900—1300 A. D. nearly). (7) There are abundant allusions and references, which can be explained only on the assumption of the Satavahana rulers of the Dekhan and their wars with the Kshetrapas. The Satavahana power came to an end about the middle of the third century A. D.[20] These would warrant our regarding the Augustan Age—an age of great Buddhistic influence—to be coeval with the early centuries of the Christian Era, that is, A. D. 100—300 at the latest.

One word more about *Manimekhala*. Professor Vinson opines that this work must have been of a later period than *Virasoliyam*, because the latter work makes no mention of it. It would be equally

17. Article in the Christian College Magazine, Vol.
18. South Indian Inscriptions, Vol. II.
19. Footnote page 16. J. R. As. 1904.
20. Dr. Bhandarkar's Early History of the Dekhan.

sound to say that *Silappadhikáram* must have been composed after the days of Nachinarkiniyar, as the great commentator has not commented on the work. This opinion of the learned Professor would have been received with respect had it not been that there is ample evidence of the two—*Silappadhikáram* and *Manimekhala*—being companion works. The commentator of the former explains the connection between the two and gives all the references in page ten of Pundit Swaminatha Iyer's edition. Further, the introductory passage to the work states clearly that the corn merchant Sattan it was that induced the ascetic to take up the work, and the closing passage refers to its having been read out to him. All this apart, *Silappadhikàram* alone would be a defective composition according to the rules of epic composition but for the supplementary *Manimekhala.* The first has reference only to the first three of the four objects of life, and the second deals with the fourth. If these were not enough, the same Chera and the Chola rulers figure in both the works, and all traditional and other accounts agree in ascribing the latter to Sattan, the corn-merchant of Madura, who, as the critic *par excellence* of the Sangam used to plant his stile into his head every time he had "the misfortune" to detect an error in works submitted to the Sangam. The fact that one author of the eleventh or twelfth century does not mention a work of a number of centuries earlier is, at the best, very unreliable as evidence of relative chronology. There is a verse in praise of *Manimekhala*, ascribed to Ambikhaiathi the son of the poet Kamban; and Sivaprakasa Swami, a Saiva of much later times, refers to the same work in glowing terms. Buddhamitra might not have known the work, or much rather, might not have seen occasion to mention it or refer to it.

It is high time that these time-honoured theories are given up and the question is approached with the disengagement demanded by historical research. The fact that we have not as yet come across inscriptions of a period earlier than the fifth century of the Christian era leads to the inference, in certain quarters, that the alphabets were not known in South India before the third century A. D. Most of the inscriptions we know of are inscriptions found in temples, and the great majority of temples were built and old ones were endowed after the everthrow of the Buddhistic ascendency in the South. Literature till recently was handed down mostly by word of month, though the stile and the palmyra leaf were often called into requisition as a valuable auxiliary. It will be be some time before the literary history of the Tamil language will attain definiteness; but there is good reason to hope that the trend of it will be along the lines indicated above.

S. KRISHNASWAMY AIYANGAR.

MY TOUR IN UPPER INDIA.

(Concluded.)

FROM the College we went to the Museum, which is better by far than the Bombay or even the Madras Museums.

The next day, *i. e.*, the 14th December, we went to see a Jain temple, built by one Badri Das, a jeweller and millionaire, at a cost of over thirty lakhs of rupees. The out-houses, the gardens, the fountains &c., create an effect which is very fascinating. The temple is an elaborate work of art in gold, glass and marble. A narrow corridor at the back has walls of mirrors on either side, and the multiple reflections afford a rare spectacle. In a niche in a side wall was a lamp burning, fed with ghee. It was stated that it had been burning both day and night uninterruptedly for fifteen years, and that for the last few years the soot deposited in the cup overhanging the light was yellow in colour. We verified the only portion of the statement capable of verification, and found that the soot was in fact yellow. There is indeed some mystery about this which requires explanation. There were two elaborate labyrinths on either side in the garden outside, with arrangements for water to flow at one end into the labyrinth, traverse the vermiform convolutions of it and then flow out at the other end. It appears that barren women drink the water issuing out of the labyrinth in the hope of getting children. The whole place looked like a spot in fairy land, and was well worth the visit. In the evening, His Highness and the majority of the party left for Puri. I stayed behind, and utilized the next afternoon in visiting the High Court. There were six or seven Courts sitting. The Chief Justice with two other Judges formed a Bench hearing appeals from original decisions of the High Court. There were two more Division Benches, each of two Judges, to hear appeals from Moffussil Courts,—three Judges, each sitting on the original side, and one Judge presiding over the Sessions. The work was in full swing when I went. Vakils here have nothing to do with the original side work of the High Court, nor Solicitors with the Appellate side. The Barristers are a favoured class allowed access everywhere. These several classes of practitioners have their respective libraries and retiring rooms in the High Court itself.

We met at the Court-house a very friendly and obliging Baboo, the law-agent of a certain Maharajah, who took us round and showed us everything. He was a gentleman who had gone very

near Cochin and Travancore, *i. e.*, he had been to Ceylon recently by way of Tinnevelly, and this circumstance it was, as he himself stated, that attracted him to us, whom he guessed to be visitors from that part of the country and strangers to the place. However, he was very communicative and useful and even so obliging as to accompany us a long way on our return home.

The next morning His Highness and others returned from Puri. The account given of the place and temple the was far from fascinating, and some even congratulated me on my resolution to stay behind, so filthy and wretched was the place. We visited the next morning the Kali temple at Kalighat which is in a filthy crowded corner of the city. Fortunately, there were no sacrifices on at the time. We however saw the gruesome, Y-shaped pieces of wood on which the heads of poor devoted victims were chopped off in hundreds every day to appease the bloodthirsty Goddess, whose idol was hideous looking in the extreme, with long protruding tongue, fearful eyes, angular face and red painted hands and forehead. The horrid thing reminded me of the blood-curdling accounts given by Meadows Taylor of the thousands upon thousands of cut-throat ruffianism practised in its name by the Thugs of by-gone days. I was wondering, not without feelings of horror, what our fate would have been, were we there during the days when human sacrifices were in vogue. I even foolishly fancied I saw in the faces of the priests and of all others I met within the temple precincts, a lurking desire to offer us up as sacrifices, if only they could do it with impunity under the altered circumstances of the present day. But as proof of the feeling of security conferred by the British Government, I went along with my friends into the very innermost shrine as close to the idol as possible, and even allowed the priest to bedaub my forehead with the vermilion paint taken from the idol. On the 18th we went to witness the Prize Distribution in the Sanskrit College, the Honourable Mr. Raleigh, Law Member, presiding; and from there to the Gayan Samaj, where many Indian gentlemen, including Mr. Justice Ghose, met His Highness. The Bengalee gentlemen pressed our people for something of southern music, which by dint of pressure flowed out from some of us in dribblets.

We left Calcutta in the evening of the 19th, and stopping for a day at Bankipore, arrived on the morning of the 21st at Lucknow,

which is a military station. A Company of the 7th Bengal Infantry presented arms at the Station when His Highness alighted, and another of the 1st Bengal Lancers escorted him to his residence. The town struck me as a lonely one, with broad, beautiful roads lined with avenue trees, and fine buildings, shining white in the morning sun. Our residence was on the bank of the river Goomti, and known by the name of Motee Mahal, of Mutiny importance, as almost all the places here are. We saw as much of the town as we could in the short time at our disposal, including the Museum, the ruined Residency with its relics of the Mutiny, the Imambara of Asaf-ud-Doula, and the adjacent garden and tank. In the evening we left the Station arriving at Muttra at 9-30 the next morning. The cold in the early morning in the train was very great, the thermometer standing at 48 degrees. Between 7 and 8 in the morning we saw a very remarkable sight; a dark buck startled from its thicket by the train, kept running, or rather racing, with magnificent leaps, with the train, and very close to it, for about a mile. Mohan Bagh, a big garden with a small Bungalow in it, was the place arranged for our stay in this place. Most of us were accommodated in tents in the garden, and we felt the necessity for fire both day and night. In the afternoon we went to Gokul about 6 miles away. The room where Maya, the daughter of Nandagopar and Yasoda, was born, and the Ghat by which Krishna was stealthily brought away to exchange places with her, were pointed out to us. All humbug! Simply devices to grab *paisa* from ignorant, credulous pilgrims. There is another village about two miles from this, which claims to be the Gokul of Puranic fame, in rivalry with the other. This second Gokul, which is called the Old Gokul to distinguish it from the other which is called the New, is able to exhibit the counterpart of everything that was pointed out to visitors in the other. They say it was there that Maya was born, and point out the particular room where that event took place. They also show an additional thing, namely, a *Mandap* on many pillars, with the churn out of which Krishna in his frolicsome childhood helped himself to butter, the wall, even now greasy, on which he wiped his fingers, and the footprint left by him, (now exhibited in marble), in the process. A huge transparent humbug! They wanted us to believe these and to pay them *paisa* for showing us these wonderful things. How many unwary pilgrims are daily duped by these rapacious

people! We saw very few of the women folk of these places, but the specimens we saw bore little relic of the reputed beauties of the ancient days.

The next day we went to Brindabun, seven miles away in another direction. Here greater wonders even than those of the two Gokuls were in store for us. We were conducted to the Kàlindi and shown the very Kadamba tree from which Krishna jumped into the river to slay the serpent Kàlyan. Even the print of his footsteps at the foot of the tree, left in the act of climbing it, was shown by a Panda who of course demanded *paisa* for it. And wonder of wonders! the tree on which Krishna hung the clothes of the maidens bathing in the Jumna, with remnants of the very clothes themselves, were pointed out to us for our edification. Could knavish audacity go any further? I was disgusted at the gullibility of the majority of our countrymen, which alone affords a sufficient *raison d'etre* for such things. This place now contains a small colony of Vaishnavite Brahmans, and a temple built in the southern style, in which is installed a duplicate of the Venkatachalapathi of Tirupati. There is also a legend hanging by the temple. It appears that one Runga Chari, a learned Brahman Vaishnavite of Conjeeveram, while on a pilgrimage to Hurdwar lived in Muttra for some days as the guest of a wealthy Jain, that by the fervent preachings of his creed he succeeded in converting his host to Hinduism, and in ultimately inducing him to build and endow a temple, and that he got workmen from the south to build it in the Dravidian style, and a colony of Brahmans to settle down near the temple, the whole cost of it amounting to upwards of half a crore of rupees. The Jain in question was the grandfather of the present owners of the garden where we lived in Muttra. Brindabun, on the whole, is a dilapidated old place, full of dust and ruined mud walls. On our return we stepped into the famous Krishna temple in Muttra. In the evening we went to the bathing Ghats, the most important of which is the Visranta Ghat, as being the place where Krishna rested for a while after his fight with Kamsa. From there we took a drive through the town, the most noticeable thing being the remarkable carving in stone evident everywhere. At 9-30 P. M. we went to the Station and slept in the train, which left Muttra at about four in the morning and arrived at Agra at about six. Our residence here was a palace belonging to the Maharajah Scindia, a fine palace with

a large garden. In the afternoon we went to see the Taj Mahal. Oh! What a grand and imposing edifice! A finished work of art, a beautiful and magnificent jewel, an idyllic poem with a lurking tinge of the tragic, more than worthy even of a Tennyson. I had read various accounts of the Taj by different writers, and was prepared for a treat for the eye and the imagination, which was nothing compared to what the real thing itself was able to afford. What we have at present is only half the idea of the great Shah Jehan—the great æsthetic Shah Jehan. The lovely Jumna flows by the side of the present Taj, laving the very walls of its foundation. Shah Jehan's idea, it appears, was to build another Taj on the opposite bank of the river, the one for his beautiful and beloved queen and the other for himself, and then to connect the two by an over-bridge of gold, so that in their last resting places they might still hold communion with each other. How grand and lovely the conception—let alone the expense and what that meant to his subjects. With the object he had in view, he built the foundation of the second building, but the wicked, undutiful Aurangzeb in the meanwhile blasted all his dreams by usurping the throne and casting him into life-long prison. There are various accounts of the foundation still apparent on the opposite bank, but the above is in accord with popular tradition and one I like to believe.

That night some of our party were sleeping in a room with lighted fire and closed doors and windows, and were about to have the same fate as the newspapers some months previously had announced the late Mon. Zola had in France, when luckily, but by the merest accident, they were saved just in time. The accident was due to the ignorance of a servant, who, finding the cold outside intense, and some of the doors or windows left open which had been wisely left so by his masters themselves, went and closed them with out their knowledge, in his anxiety for their welfare. A somewhat similar incident occurred in another room in another building, where some of the agents or their servants were similarily affected though not to the same extent. These, however, persisted in maintaining that what they suffered from was due to the house being haunted rather than to anything else, and I am not quite sure whether up to the present they have found reason to change that opinion.

The next day we went to see the Fort. We had armed ourselves with a pass from the Officer Commanding, as none are allowed

inside without a pass. The Moti Musjid or Pearl Mosque was the first thing we saw. It is a beautiful building in pure white marble, with a large square courtyard, paved also with white marble. The glare from these in the midday sun was very trying to our eyes. Then we went to the Dewan-i-am, or Public Audience Hall of the Moghul Emperors. From there we were taken to the ladies' apartments and then to the Dewani-khas or Hall of Private Audience, an exquisite little building also in white marble. In front of it on the river side was an open-air throne of black slate, with a long break in the middle said to have been caused when the Moghuls' throne was profaned by a Jat usurper (Jowahir Singh of Bhurtpore, 1765). From there we were conducted to the Saman Burj or Jasmine Tower, the boudoir of the chief Sultana, with the walls inlaid with precious stones, and a fountain, which it was said flowed with rose-water for the Sultana to bathe in. The most curious part of the great Moghul palace in the fort was the Shish Mahal, or Palace of Glass, the walls of the passages and chambers of which are adorned with thousands of mirrors embedded in them, reflecting multiple images, and producing, on the whole, a unique effect. From there we were next conducted by a narrow stair down to a labyrinth of underground apartments. Our native guide told us that this was the women's jail for confining those of the Emperor's harem suspected of misbehaviour. And we were also taken still further down with the help of torches, through dark and narrow passages to a dark room, and shown a beam from which were hanged inmates of the harem who deserved capital punishment, and a well, almost filled up now, into which the dead bodies were afterwards cut down, the well being connected with the Jumna at the bottom. The tale was horrifying and made a deep impression on our minds at the time, but on searching for fuller information from authentic guide books after return home in the evening, I was most agreeably surprised to learn that the underground rooms were intended by the pleasure-loving emperors as a retreat from the heat of the summer, and as a means of passing to the water-house in the south-east corner of the Fort. Near the well above referred to, three or five blocked up passages were pointed out, which we were told, led underground to Delhi 169 miles, Futtipore Sikhri thirty-four miles, and so on. This too did not find corroboration in English guide books. These are probably inventions of the native guides themselves to give greater importance to the things shown by them. We

were also shown another portion of the Palace said to have been built by Akbar for his Hindu wife, a Princess of Jeypore, with temples of Krishna and Hanuman meant for her worship, but which were demolished and desecrated by the fanatical Aurangzeb.

The next day the cold was so intense that we had no mind to get out, though we had arranged to go to Sikandar to see the famous tomb of Akbar. The whole day was spent in doors with fire burning always. Early in the evening we went to the Station and slept in the train, which in its own time steamed off for Delhi, which was reached at 9 A. M., instead of at 6-18, as timed originally. We were at the time inclined to grumble at the delay, but we soon found reason to congratulate ourselves that we got off with so slight an inconvenience, for there were others who, though timed to arrive early, were not able to get in to the Station till after 3 or 4 in the afternoon, starving the whole time,—so heavy and crowded was the traffic on the line, that being the last day fixed for Ruling Chiefs to arrive. Here I would follow my diary as closely as possible, for, as you may have read various brilliant accounts of the transactions in Delhi in various newspapers, I presume it is the impression then made on my mind rather than any set narrative of the historic events enacted there during the next fortnight, that you would like to hear from me. Well, after settling ourselves down in our residence, which was as convenient and comfortable as possible in the then circumstances of Delhi, we took a drive in the evening through Chandni Chouk, round the Jumma Musjid, along Elgin Road and through the Mori Gate, back again home. Chandni Chouk is the biggest and most important bazaar in the Fort, one of the thoroughfares through which the grand procession of the 29th was to pass. It was broad enough for seats to be arranged for viewing the procession from, several lines deep right down the middle, leaving space on either side for the heavy traffic both of carriages and foot passengers. The shops looked their best, and both they and the streets were immensely crowded. The dust was something awful. At night the cold was excessive, but not so severe as we had reason to believe from reports received at Agra. Fire burnt all day long and all night long.

The next day, that is the 28th, we again went out, at about 11. The sights we saw were such as never to be forgotten. We first went to the Amphitheatre, the central point of interest, as the

place for the Durbar to be held on the 1st. Either side of the road was lined with temporary shops representing almost all the important shops of Allahabad, Bombay and Calcutta. Beyond, were the extensive camping grounds of the Military, accommodating some 56,000 men. At the Amphitheatre itself workmen were still busy with decorations. Outside, steam-rollers were flying up and down, hardening the grounds and roads around. On our return we took another route and saw the magnificent camps of the Viceroy, the Comman der-in-Chief and the Governors and Lieutenant. Governors, forming what was called the Central Camp. From there we drove along a road superlatively dusty, passing by the Maharajah of Travancore's Quarters, and saw the Kashmere, Jhind, Patiala, Baroda and other camps, each forming separate townships of its own in that vast extemporized city of canvas, many of them containing numerous large streets and by-lanes and handsomely laid out gardens and other works calculated to diffuse an air of permanency over the whole. It is impossible to describe in words the effect produced by the long row of ornamental gateways of all sorts of designs and descriptions, with flags of all colours flying from the tops of the tents and festoons of bright and coloured lights decorating the street-sides and tent-house fronts, and joining tent to tent in several of the camps. As we were driving along, I was sorry for the first time in my life that I had only one pair of eyes, and that only in front, and not a thousand, like Indra and scattered all over the body. That night at about 9 there was a fire in His Highness' room over the chimney, but it was speedily put out without any harm to any body or loss of property. The cause of the fire was presumably the overheating of the chimney by the incessant fire that was kept up to keep off the cold.

Next morning we were all up betimes to make ourselves ready to go to our respective stands to see the grand procession of the state entry of His Excellency the Viceroy and of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Myself and two others of His Highness' party were provided with tickets for seats in front of the Civil Hospital close to the Jumma Musjid, a very advantageous position owing to the large open space in front of us and of the big curvature of the line of march of the procession there. Though the distance was short, it took us more than an hour to reach our stand, owing to the heavy traffic on the road which

detained us at every step. Innumerable were the carriages which were of every description, from gorgeous equipages and four-in-hand brakes, to ricketty ekkas and rattling tom-toms, creeping along in unbroken lines three or four abreast, and getting blocked at every junction of roads. Somehow or other we got to our seats about half past ten. The same block was for all the South Indian guests of the Government, and besides the Dewans of Travancore and Pudukota, many Madras notabilities were observed among those assembled there. Punctually at 11-30 the firing of the salute announced the arrival of the Viceroy and Lady Curzon, and exactly at 11-45 another salute announced the arrival of the Duke and Duchess. At 12 precisely the procession started, headed by the Inspector-General of Police, (the Punjab) on horse back. The Dragoons, the Batteries, &c., which formed a long line, followed, and then appeared the Viceroy and Lady Curzon and the Duke and Duchess on magnificently appointed state elephants, in the most richly and glitteringly caparisoned howdahs, followed by fifty-one Ruling Chiefs similarly mounted and riding two abreast. The sight was simply magnificent. It baffles all description. The gold and silver of the howdahs, the cloth of gold of the elephants, the richly jewelled apparels of the Native Chiefs, combined with the gay appearance presented by the tens of thousands of spectators, arranged in row above row along the line of route and crowded together in the open space in front of us, afforded a spectacle, unique, grand and dazzling in the extreme, highly and effectively enhanced as it was by the unclouded splendour in which the midday sun shone upon the whole. The whole route was lined on either side by the Military, the Goorkahs being in our front. The Dragoons and the Batteries were a sight in themselves. They marched four deep interspersed with officers. The Imperial Cadet Corps, in their picturesque white and blue tonics and turbans and on their magnificent black chargers, drew from the spectators involuntary yet boisterous cheers. Lord Kitchener, wherever he was recognised, was also loudly cheered. But above all, Lord and Lady Curzon and the Duke and Duchess were cheered by all. Lady Curzon, supremely happy by the side of her husband, was literally showering salutes and smiles around from under the dazzling canopy of the howdah. The whole was a sight the like of which was probably never seen in India or in the whole world before, and is never likely to be seen in the near future. Sound judgment seemed to have

been employed in selecting the route. With all the concourse of so immense a crowd, with all the concomitants of horses, carriages and other things indispensable, the ground was so spacious, at least in front of us, that there was no sense of pressure or crowdedness. All could breathe freely. The Police arrangements were perfect, and every thing went off without a hitch. There were upwards of 200 elephants with the retinue of the Ruling Chiefs, standing idle at the commencement of the procession. They brought up the rear of the procession which, I observed, took on the whole 62 minutes to pass me. His Highness, the two Princes and the Dewan had gone to the Station to receive the Viceroy and the Duke and Duchess, and from there, when the procession started, went to the Queen's Gardens in the Chandni Chouk to occupy seats specially reserved for them to see the procession from.

The function of the next day was the opening of the Fine Arts Exhibition by the Viceroy at 11-30. The Exhibition was in a building specially erected for the purpose in the Kudssa Gardens, only a few minutes' walk from our place. Precisely at the appointed hour, the Viceroy with Lady Curzon and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived, and proceedings commenced with the Viceroy's opening speech. It was applauded in several places especially by the Indian gentlemen. The Europeans generally did not like it apparently, as the general driftof it was that the natives should not rush to European shops for the beautification or the furnishing of their homes, as in almost every State or Province of India and in most of the Indian towns and villages there still survived the arts and there still existed the artificers who could satisfy the artistic as well as the utilitarian tastes of their countrymen, and as soon as the Viceroy sat down, I overheard a lady who was sitting close by my side exclaiming "nonsense, all rot." On the Dais, besides the Viceroy, Lady Curzon, the Duke and the Duchess, were Lord Kitchener and the Native Chiefs, of whom Scindia, Jeypore and the Nizam were recognized. The Shan Chiefs of Upper Burma, with their women folk, were a very noticeable people. Both men and women wore the same kind of ear-ornaments, and the men were so remarkably lacking in that appendage in the face peculiar to the sterner sex, that it was almost impossible to tell the sex of any one of them. Their betel boxes which their attendants carried, were all gold, set with brilliants and other precious stones. An Assam planter (by look and appearance a native Christian) who sat next to me, pointed out

Sir Bhownagree, M. P. who was seated in the row just in front of ours. My friend spoke English fluently and well, but was apparently one of the class of malcontents who always see only the dark side of things. He gave me an altogether unfavourable account of the previous day's procession, saying that the people took it very coldly, that there was no enthusiasm exhibited, that whatever little response there was from the assembled people looked forced and hesitating, and that the seats were not all filled, &c. &c. It did not strike me so, at all events, as my record of the previous day's impressions just read to you would show.

The 31st was a clear day with no functions of any sort or kind, probably preparatory to the grandest function which was to come off on the next day. We went to the Arts Exhibition, which was crowded with spectators. It was a rich and splendid collection of the finest wares of Indian art. What appeared to be a mat made of long thin shavings of ivory was, to me, one of the most striking of the exhibits. Kincob cloths and vestments there were in any quantity and variety. The Jewellery Department, especially the rooms of Tawker of Madras and of Badridas of Calcutta, contained the most costly and rare jewels of big and beautiful precious stones and pearls. I never saw anywhere else such big-sized rubies, emeralds or pearls. Some jewels were worth 10 lakhs and some even 30. The Maharajah of Travancore who was there when we went, purchased, we were told, a pendant for his turban from Tawker's at a cost of a lakh and 15 thousand rupees. In the verandah of the building there were the artizans actually engaged in their several works,—engravers, carvers, weavers, in fact, artificers in every kind of art exhibited inside the building. It was very interesting to watch them. In the evening we got the most agreeable news, that His Highness would be gazetted a G. C. S. I. on the morrow, which was the 1st January 1903, the grand Durbar day. We were all up early to get ourselves ready, and were able to start at about 9. The Amphitheatre was not reached before half past ten, the block on the way on account of the crush having been even greater than on the day of the grand procession. The Amphitheatre was more than half filled by the time we arrived. In a short time it was completely full. The Military Massed Bands numbering, it is said, some 2000 performers, kept discoursing sumptuous music for the entertainment of the assembled guests, from the arena enclosed by the

Amphitheatre. The sight was something awfully grand and imposing. At about half past 11 the Mutiny veterans came in, in a grand procession of their own with a lively European band playing and marching at their head. There were a few Europeans and Eurasians among them, but by far the great majority of them were Indians, both Hindus and Mahomedans. All of them were, of course, more or less old, some were limping, some were on crutches, and a few were supported by their friends, being unable to walk without assistance. At their very first sight there arose from the whole assembly from one end to the other, a huge and deafening cheer, which continued with redoubled force from the several blocks of the Amphitheatre as the procession passed in front of them, until those veterans reached the block specially reserved for them and were seated. My eyes moistened at the sight, and varied were the reflections that passed through my mind at the time, one of them leading up to an admiration of the wise and farsighted policy of the Viceroy in giving them so prominent a part in this grand pageant. Then came the picturesque Gordon Highlanders 200 in number who formed the Guard of Honour in front of the Dais. A few minutes later came in Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught escorted by a brilliant cavalcade. The whole assembly of 15,000 rose like one man, and the cheering that broke forth and which continued until Their Royal Highnesses took their seats on the Dais was simply deafening. After a short interval entered the Viceroy and Lady Curzon escorted by a still more brilliant and numerous cavalcade and the Imperial Cadet Corps, in a stately procession. The Viceroy occupied the throne on the Dais to the right of the Duke, and Lady Curzon seated herself in a chair behind the Viceroy to the right of the Duchess, whose chair was behind the Duke's. The Foreign Secretary then approached the Viceroy and asked for permission to declare the Durbar open, which being granted, the Herald and Trumpeters at a pre-arranged signal appeared and rode in to the front of the Dais with their drums beating and their trumpets blaring. The herald then by command of the Viceroy read the proclamation announcing the coronation of the King Emperor of India, in a stentorian voice which I believe, was heard clearly and distinctly by the whole assembly. The Royal Standard was then unfurled on the flagstaff that had been erected in the arena in front of the Dais, the Massed Bands playing the National Anthem. A

royal salute of 101 guns was also fired. On the completion of that, the Viceroy rose amidst cheers, and delivered his speech, which also was frequently punctuated with cheers. His voice was very high pitched but we were not able to follow him fully, on account of the coughing and sneezing which began to be heard from all around us and which continued to be heard in spite of their authors themselves, thanks to the bitterness of the cold of Delhi at that time. When he came to read the gracious message from the Emperor to his Eastern subjects, the Viceroy uncovered his head. At the conclusion of the speech guns were again fired, also *feu-de-joies* by the assembled army outside. The Ruling Chiefs, of whom there were about a hundred, were next presented to the Viceroy and the Duke, who dismounting from the Dais to a lower level, and standing, received their congratulations. The Begum of Bhopal appeared in Purdah, heavily veiled in blue, and she placed a present which was afterwards known to be an address to the King in a rich gold casket, at the feet of the Viceroy, and which was, of course, accepted. Her presence was the occasion for a grand cheer. The National Anthem was again played, and the Herald and Trumpeters again appearing, the former called for three cheers for the King Emperor which of course was heartily given. The playing of the National Anthem, again, brought the Durbar to a close. The Duke and Duchess on their departure were cheered equally vociferously as on their arrival. The whole business of the Durbar from the arrival of the Viceroy to his departure, occupied till 3 o'clock. The Amphitheatre, while the Durbar was in full swing, with the Maharajahs and Rajahs and Chiefs, gorgeously attired in silks and satins and gold, and gem-bespangled, with the Officers in their full-dress uniforms and others in their best morning dress, and with the sun shining throughout in full splendour, was Titianesque in the unsurpassable brilliancy and play of its colours, and Titanesque in the imposing magnitude of its dimensions. The 40,000 troops who paraded in front of the Amphitheatre looked in the distance from our seats like red and black walls whitewashed at the top. The whole seemed to be a dream of some other world.

On the 2nd January was the grand display of fire works. This I am determined not to make even an attempt to describe. It must be seen and not heard. I may however mention that the figures exhibited in fire of Lord and Lady Curzon, the Duke and Duchess,

Lord Kitchener and finally the King and Queen were marvellous likenesses. The crowd, in spite of the cold, was intense. As I had to separate from my companions as we had seats in different places, I realized for the first time what it was to be in a state of utter solitude in the midst of a wilderness of men. After the show I was looking out for my friends and they for me, but, as you may guess, it was like looking for a needle in a haystack. Somehow or other I managed to get home.

There was an assault-at-arms at 2-30 the next day in the arena of the Amphitheatre. The several items of display were very interesting. The musical drive by a Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery and the ride by the Lancers, the Indian Club Drill, the Cavalry display, the tent pegging, the gymnastic performances and the sham advance by a few mounted infantry upon the supposed position about the Dais, were all very good and highly interesting. On our return from there we drove round the canvas city to see it once more in the night lighted. It was a veritable fairy land, illuminated with variously coloured lights, disposed in various patterns. At 9 P. M. was the Investiture ceremony, for which none but His Highness, the two Princes and the Dewan went. Tickets could very easily have been obtained for all, but somehow or other they were not. They returned at 1-15 when we went up to congratulate His Highness, who graciously showed us the star and all the other insignia of the decoration. They said the ceremony was a very imposing one, though after some time it became rather tedious by the monotony of repetition. His Highness had the unique distinction in that assembly of being the only recipient of the Star of the Knights Grand Commanders in India on that occasion, the only other recipient being Lord George Hamilton in England; and also of being the first on whom the ceremony of investiture was performed on that night, as it was the highest of the honours then conferred.

On the 4th we went to see the Jumma Musjid, "that mosque of unrivalled beauty and magnificent proportions," built by Shah Jehan. Here, in a shrine in a corner of the big quadrangle, we were shown a footprint of Mahomed, of course for *paisa*, a humbug in imitation of the Hindu priests of Gaya, Gokul and other places. I met in a shop in Chandni Chouk, two of the Gordon Highlanders, who had taken part in the battle of Elandslaagte in South Africa, in the great bayonet charge that won the battle for the British.

On the 5th we went to the Travancore camp. His Highness and party had already left Delhi, being unable to bear the cold. From there we went to the Mutiny Monument on the Ridge. A few yards away was an Asoka Pillar with inscriptions, said to have been brought from Meerut by Feroze Shah in 1354. It is broken in 5 places, but fixed together by cement and placed in an upright position. A few yards from it on the Ridge itself is Hindu Rao's house, famous in connection with Mutiny incidents. Close by was an old dilapidated Observatory, which was used as a heliographic station. The soldiers on duty were simple good fellows, who explained to us the method of signalling messages both by day and night.

On the night of the 6th we witnessed a drama in the Parsi Alfred Theatre. The scenes were splendid. They included, among others, a waterfall in a moonlight night, thunder, lightning and rain, a river and a temporary bridge breaking down into the river. The acting was indifferent but the songs were good.

On the 7th we went to see the Kutb-Minar, 11 miles to the south of the present city of Delhi. On our way we passed many ruined fortresses, towns and tombs, they marking successive sites of the town of Delhi which had always been shifting under the successive dynasties. The original site was near the Kutb-Minar, and the succeeding ones were chosen progressively northwards, by the successive conquerors, when they found the necessity for building their own towns after the destruction of the old ones in the very act of the conquest itself. The Delhi of the Hindu sovereigns was different from the Delhi of the Lodi dynasty, and this again was distinct from and other than the Delhi of the Moghuls. The Kutb is a magnificent tower second only to the Taj, it is said, in architectural beauty and grandeur. It is 238 feet high, with a spiral staircase through the centre of it up to the very top, which we ascended. The shaft is divided into 5 storeys, the first and last making up one-half, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th together the other half, of the total height. Near it and in the neighbourhood are the ruins of various temples, mosques and tombs.

The 8th was the grand Review Day. The time for it was 11 A. M. We started at a quarter to ten, but when about a mile from the Review ground we found our passage in the carriage so hopelessly blocked that we thought it best to get out of it and walk the

remaining distance if we wished to see the review. Very soon after we got out of our carriage, we heard the report of the salute announcing the arrival of the Viceroy and the beginning of the show. We hastened and managed with difficulty to get to our stand and secure seats before many squadrons had marched past. The scene that greeted us when we got to the stand was a very imposing one; wave after wave of cavalry was rolling along to the sound of music. As far as the eye could reach on either side in the boundless level plain, there was nothing to be seen but successive masses of troops streaming along. Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry, European, Native and Imperial Service, Sappers and Miners, Engineers with railway and bridge materials, Camel Corps and the Balloon Sections, in promiscuous succession passed before us for more than two hours, the total number of troops taking part in the review being about 40,000. The cavalry returned in a trot. Then, a long line, many deep, of cavalry was seen arranged in front of us at nearly ¾ of a mile distance, and at a signal they galloped at full speed towards us. As soon as these came to a halt a few yards in front of us and separated, another line equally long appeared and went through the same process. The same thing was repeated by two other squadrons equally strong. Then the whole of these four massed themselves in the same place and in a body of the same length but much more deep, of course, and dashed towards us with a sound much more terrible than that of thunder, and I thought we were all done for this time at all events, but fortunately they came to a sudden stop and dispersed as before. Then to the sound of the National Anthem and the boom of the distant Batteries firing the salute, the whole thing with the assembly dispersed.

Nothing of importance worth mentioning occurred in Delhi during the remainder of the days we were there, except perhaps the circumstance that we became so accustomed to the then cold of Delhi, that some of us learnt to complain of heat, when, towards the latter portion of our stay, there, the thermometer sometimes rose to 60 or 65 degrees.

We left Delhi on the 13th evening, arrived at Allahabad on the 14th, took Ganges water for distribution here, left that Station on the 15th and arrived at Jubbulpore on the 16th morning. Being told that the plague was raging there, about a hundred having died the previous day, we never stepped out. On the morning of the

17th we drove to Mirganj, to see the Marble Rocks (Nerbuda), a distance of eleven miles. By 9 we reached the place, and immediately started off to see the Rocks. Walking to the ghat below the Dak Bungalow, we got into one of the Government boats and rowed up the river. The scene for about a mile on either side was superb. The channel of the river was narrow and deep, and the water clear as crystal, but the banks rose abruptly from the water, straight and steep and snowy white. The marble was in some places in horizontal strata, in others vertical, while in some other parts it was in slanting ones, but everywhere the action of the water had caused fissures all over the visible surface so as to give the whole the appearance of fairy ramparts shattered into innumerable fragments by a terrific explosion of dynamite somewhere. Near the farther end of the double row of silver walls there is a break where we saw a solitary *sadhu* saying his prayers beside a tiny house of leaves. We landed and had a talk with him in the course of which we learnt that he was there for the last three years, and that he was being maintained by the charity of pilgrims like ourselves who happend to go there to see the beauty of the rocks.

We left this place at 6 in the evening and travelled the whole night and far into the afternoon of the next day at one stretch, until we reached Punthamba. His Highness was very much tired, but fortunately was all right after bath and meals. The Godavery here too was devoid of all charm and romance, the water stagnant and dirty, the bed full of soft mud, and the banks and ghats broken and dilapidated. The town was dirty in the extreme, the best place available being little better than a cowshed, with all the smells peculiar to a building of the kind. It was nearly 4 P. M. when we had our meals, which however was not without its own advantage, for we were saved the bother of a second meal that day before we got into the train, which was at 6 P. M. Punthamba is memorable in many ways. Nowhere was so much curiosity evinced by the people, men, women and children, to see a live sovereign. Women were peeping from every window, every terrace and house top was full of spectators, and the streets were crowded by all sorts of people, so as even to impede progress in certain places. Even at the bathing ghats, people followed His Highness, eager to obtain a glimpse of the Rajah. All the houses were dilapidated, and the appearance, on the whole, absolutely dismal, reminded one of Pindaree inroads of

the last century. I like Punthamba and our experiences there, though, for it is such places and such experiences that give zest and relish to our memory of the other experiences of our tour.

On the 19th morning at about 10, we reached Krishna. The heat began to be felt seriously at this Station, but the bath in the river was extremely refreshing. On the whole, it was a very enjoyable pic-nic party that we had there, similar in character to the one we had at Tungabhadra on our way up. We left the Station at 7-30 and arrived within an hour at Raichur. Against the inevitable stay of half an hour at the station, His Highness the Nizam who was still in Delhi, had, as we subsequently understood, wired instructions to his Government with detailed particulars, to do honour to His Highness on his arrival there, and accordingly we found a Contingent of the Nizam's forces with several of his Officers present at the station, which had been beautifully decorated. We were not prepared for such a thing, and had already turned in to bed, but we had to get out though some of us tried to skulk, and accept their proferred courtesy. There was something like a miniature Darbar at the station platform at which His Highness, the Princes and the chief officers were garlanded. This, however, was only one out of the many and various proofs we had, on our return, of the remarkable change His Highness had succeeded in effecting, in the minds of all whom he came in contact with, wherever we went, with regard to their conception of Cochin and its Ruler, and in effecting which, though His Highness' own individual worth and merit, coupled with his natural and inherent courtliness of manners and bearing, and the charm of his conversation, constituted the chief factors, the prominence His Highness received in Delhi and the special consideration shown him by His Excellency the Viceroy on various occasions in public, played no insignificant part. Everyway and everywhere His Highness proved himself to be a Prince of whom we may well be extremely proud. This tour of His Highness, memorable in many ways, is not less so for the prominence it has given in the eyes of the outside world, to our State, which, you will not believe me, I am affraid, when I tell you, was not even known by name in many of those parts. All this has been now changed. Well, to continue the narrative, we left Raichur after that ceremony and arrived at Raniganta early in the morning of the 20th. His Highness, the Princes, the Dewan and a few

others drove off immediately for Tirupati in horse carriages that were waiting at the Station. I and a few others remained behind. There was an excellent building for the accommodation of Indian gentlemen, conveniently situated close to the station, where rooms could be had at the rate of half a rupee per head per day. The day there was all right, but the night was awfully miserable on account of the heat and the mosquitoes, and neither my companions nor myself flad a wink of sleep.

The next day we started in the Special at 12 noon, took in His Highness and party at the Tirupati station, and steamed off again, arriving at Katpadi at 6 in the evening, at Shoranore early the next morning, and at Trichur at about 8 A. M.; and this brought to a close, so far as I was concerned, an ever memorable and highly interesting tour, throughout the course of which, thanks to the generous and gracious indulgence of His Highness, the only duty and responsibility I had was to see as much of sights as possible and to enjoy.

K. NARAYANA MARAR.

MANIKA VASAGAR AND THE EARLY CHRISTIANS OF MALABAR.

IN his interesting work entitled *Christianity in Travancore*, Mr. G. T. Mackenzie, the British Resident in the Courts of Travancore and Cochin, makes a very brief mention of the visit of the Tamil sage Manika Vasagar to Malabar and of the reconversion of some early Syrian Christians to Hinduism. The literature on the subject is so very scanty that we thought that it would be of some interest to the readers of the *Malabar Quarterly Review* to have some details which, however, are not easy to obtain. Though European *savants* have traced the visit of the Tamil saint to Malabar, yet this piece of information is not generally known to those who devour with avidity the soul-stirring and melodious hymns of Manika Vasagar. Some of the learned priests and dignitaries of the Syrian Church in Travancore seem to have a fund of information on the subject, but many of them could not or would not place the materials that they have at our disposal. The descendants of the *Manigramakars* from whom much valuable information can be gleaned seem to be chary of furnishing us with any facts which would tend to throw light on their past history, probably under the mistaken impression that they would be ostracised from the Hindu society. The work of unfolding the connection of Manika Vasagar with the early Christians of Malabar is therefore not a very easy one. With the scanty materials which we have been able to collect we shall try to reconstruct the story of the readmission of a few Christians into the Hindu fold.

The discussion of the subject may be begun by giving an account of the life of the sage as related in the *Vathavur* and *Thiruvelayadal* puranams. The latter is termed in Sanskrit, *Halasya Mahatmyam* by which name it goes in this part of Southern India. The former is supposed to contain an account of his life, while *Thiruvelayadal* deals only with two important incidents in his life. These works are not of great historical value. The chief events connected with the life of Manika Vasagar were handed down from generation to generation till they were shrouded in a halo of romance. Cadawull Mamuny, the author of the *Vathavur* puranam, took them up at that point and clothed them in Tamil metre. From the diction employed in it, it is evident that it is of recent origin. The portions referring to the saint in the *Thiruvelayadal*

puranam differ slightly from the version given in the other. Though these are not trustworthy records of the life of the saint, still there is a substratum of truth in them.

The sage was born of humble, but respectable and pious Brahman parents of Teru Vathavur on the banks of the Vaigai and named after that place. He was of such a precocious intellect that he soon mastered all the Vedas, *Agamas* and other studies prescribed for an orthodox Brahman. The austere life led by one so young and the consummate knowledge he had acquired in all branches of learning within a short period, attracted the notice of Arimarthanan, the then reigning Pandyan. He invited him to his Court and treated him with great consideration. When he found out his worth and was satisfied of what mettle he was made, he appointed him to the high office of Prime Minister under the title of Tennavan Peramarayan, meaning the Brahman minister of the Southern King, though he was only in his teens.

Though the young minister was all-powerful in the State his head was not turned. He knew that the external lustre with which he was surrounded was worthless. In the midst of the task he had to perform with tact, skill and impartiality as the chief minister of an important kingdom, he was always intent on the emancipation of his soul, and the working of the salvation of the thronging multitude, who were rushing headlong towards perdition. Thus, in the midst of his arduous temporal duties, he always found time to study the sacred writings connected with the Siva Sidhanta philosophy, to hold discussions with those learned in them, and to contemplate upon the infinite grace of the Supreme Being. As years rolled on in this manner, it struck him that he could not attain the end he had in view without a guide, and he longed to secure his *Guru*.

While the process of transformation of the mind of the sage was thus gradually proceeding, it so happened that on a certain day when the Pandyan was sitting in state, surrounded with all oriental pomp, some messengers announced to him the arrival of a large number of horses in a great harbour in the Chola kingdom. In view of strengthening his cavalry, the King commanded the Prime Minister to go to Terumperumthuray and purchase all the available horses for him. For this purpose Arimarthanan furnished him with the necessary funds and a magnificient escort which made Manika Vasagar move in great state. After going through crowded cities, vast forests and forest-clad hills, he reached his destination.

Lo! what did he espy at Teruperumthuray—the great sacred harbour? When he approached a beautiful grove filled with evergreen trees, whose flowers were emitting sweet fragrance and where the bees were humming their honeyed songs and birds of plumage were filling the air with their melodies from every brahch, he heard the chanting of the *Agamas.* He stopped his cavalcade and despatched some messengers to ascertain where the music came from. They returned and informed him that they saw a sage with garlands of Cassia flowers round his head resembling the Great Siva himself, sitting under the shade of a *Kuruntha* tree (*Trichilia*) surrounded by a host of disciples. On this, Manika Vasagar thought to himself that the *Guru* whom he had long been seeking had come and that his salvation was not far off. He went into the sacred grove unattended, found his guide who welcomed him and initiated him into the mysteries of the Şiva Sidhaṇta philosophy. Thenceforward he became absorbed in devotion and incessantly expressed his feelings of gratitude to God for having made him his own, and for having paved his way for his beatitude. For, it was God that revealed himself to him and became his *Guru.* Having assumed the life of an ascetic under instructions from Him, Manika Vasagar parted with all that he had, including the enormous treasure belonging to the King and the rich garments in which he was robed.

His relations and other members of the escort who accompanied Manika Vasagar, observing all that had taken place, approached him with all respect, and remonstrated with him gently that it was improper not to think of carrying out the object of the mission on which he had repaired to the place, and thus to incur the displeasure of the King. But the sage sternly bade them quit his presence and said that he would have neither art nor part with anything that was not spiritual. Being disappointed that their expostulations were not of any avail, they wended their way to Madura, and informed the King of all that had transpired. The enraged Pandyan caused the following epistle couched in sarcastic terms to be prepared and put into the hands of the nimblest of his messengers to be delivered to Manika Vasagar:

From

THE PANDYAN.

To

THE GOOD MINISTER,

Thennavan Perma Rayan.

"It has amused us to learn that having squandered the boundless treasure "taken from us, you have thought it proper to assume the garb of an ascetic "instead of making purchases of horses for us. We have also been impressed

"with the results of your learning which bid you beg from door to door, impelled "by bodily appetites, giving up the splendours of a Court life, and to consider that "it is profitable to prove treacherous to the sovereign who has proved your bene-"factor. In case you think that to deal with earthly kings is to associate with "reptiles that emit venom, we command you to return forthwith to this city on "receipt of this message."

When the letter was put into the hands of Manika Vasagar, he thought to himself that he could be the servant only of the servants of Siva and that the Pandyan had no business to say that he was his sovereign, and said to himself that even the messengers of the God of Death dared not approach him. In this state of mind he laid the letter before God who smiled at it, and bade him return fearlessly and inform the King that the horses would be at Madura on the 19th of Avany during the hours of the *Mulam* star. God Siva, further assured Manika Vasagar that He himself would take them, and they would be of such a breed that their fame would resound throughout the kingdom. At the same time he furnished him with such garments, jewels and vehicles as became the first minister of the Crown. Siva also handed over to him a rare ruby that it might be presented to the King.

Accordingly, Manika Vasagar returned with the messengers, waited upon the Pandyan, made the usual obeisance reluctantly, and presented him with the ruby above referred to. The King looked at it over and over again with great delight and astonishment, requested Manika Vasagar to seat himself down and relate all that had taken place. He submitted as follows: "I took the large "sum of money, Your Majesty was pleased to hand over to me, "selected and purchased the most sound and best trained horses; next "I consulted the Brahman astrologers for a suitable date to take "them to Madura, and they fixed the 19th of Avany under the "*Mulam* star. On this, I tarried at Teruperumthuray, but your "Majesty's Staff Officers were impatient to return. Owing to their "misrepresentations, Your Majesty was pleased to write an angry "letter which made me return at once. The horses will be brought "here on the day named by me." The King was satisfied with the explanation of the Minister and assured him of his unabated confidence. Requesting him not to mind the contents of the letter, he took him to his Palace, loaded him with jewels and clothes of honor, and desired him to repair to his residence, and look after the duties of his office.

Some days before the expected arrival of the steeds, an Under-Secretary of State gained the ears of the Pandyan King and made him understand that the story of the expected arrival of horses was a fabrication, that the money which Manika Vasagar had taken was handed over to a person who put on the guise of a great *Guru*, that nothing was done in the way of purchasing horses and that they were not stabled at Teruperumthuray, as was reported by the Prime Minister. On this, the King despatched messengers to repair to the place and verify the statement of Manika Vasagar. They performed the object of their mission and intimated to the King the fruitlessness of their searches which extended all over the great sacred harbour and other cities. On this, the Pandyan became enraged and ordered the imprisonment of the sage, which naturally caused him to lament over his fate, and invoke the protection of Siva. On the following morning, the King performed his usual ablutions, sat in the portico of his palace and called upon the myrmidons of Justice, to compel Manika Vasagar to disgorge the fabulous treasure he had misspent under the pretence of purchasing horses for him. While the process of administering justice by placing the saint in an inconvenient posture with his face upturned towards the scorching sun, and subjecting him to other indignities was going on, the sky was darkened by a cloud of dust and the air was filled with the clanging of iron-shod hoofs and the neighing of "prancing palfreys." On enquiry it was found that the expected horses were on their way to Madura. At last, they arrived. The King saw how he had wronged his Minister. He at once ordered his release, and took him with him to view the cavalcade which was led by a noble Arab. The Pandyan was mightily pleased with what he saw and directed his minister to request the chief of the horse dealers to pass the horses through all the evolutions in which they had been practised, and the King's commands were obeyed. He ordered dresses of honor to be bestowed on the Arabs which they received on the end of their whips. This no doubt irritated the King, but his Minister explained the apparent contempt as the outcome of their native custom. Satisfied with the explanation, he requested the Arabs to explain to him the nature of the marks of horses and their effects on man, and they accordingly instructed him on the points. The only business that remained to be transacted was the delivery of the horses, which was done by the formal exchange of ropes between

the King's grooms and the Arabs. Having convinced the King that they had supplied him with horses for eight times the value paid by Manika Vasagar, they took their departure. After they were stabled, the King and his minister retired to their Palaces. During night the town was filled with frightful howlings. The new comers turned into jackals in the dead of night, fell upon the real horses that had been stabled there, killed most of them and escaped into the adjacent jungles. The truth was that when Siva heard of the sufferings of his faithful adherent, he collected a vast multitude of foxes, metamorphosed them into magnificent steeds, put them in charge of the celestials as syces, and himself assuming the guise of a wealthy Arab merchant, commanded the cavalcade. The enraged King sent for his minister, upbraided him for the trick he had played on him and handed him over to the agents of torture to wring out the enormous sum of money he had deprived him of. The tormentors took him to the burning sand on the bed of the river Vaigai, exposed him to the fierce noontide sun, and placed a huge stone on his back.

In all his difficulties, Manika Vasagar, always turned to God and prayed fervently to grant him relief. This occasion was no exception to the rule. God Siva heard his pathetic prayers and sent down the waters of the Ganges from his bushy locks into the Vaigai. They overflew its banks and threatened to destroy the Pandyan capital. The King was bewildered, and his equally astonished ministers advised him to restore the sage to his liberty as the floods were the result of the wrath of God provoked by the ill-treatment to which he was subjected. The Pandyan was of the same view. He at once restored Manika Vasagar to his favour and charged him with the duty of saving his metropolis. The very first thing the sage did was to pray for the subsidence of the flood. The next thing the reinstated Prime Minister did was to call upon the citizens to throw up dams on both the banks of the river and allotted a portion of the work to each citizen. A very small portion of the work fell to the share of a poor widow, by name Semmana Selvi who eked out her existence by baking and selling a rice cake known by the designation of *Puttu.* The poor woman was at her wits' end. For, she had no male member in the family to assist her, and she could command no funds to employ labour. Even if she was able to pay, she could procure no labourers as every individual in the

town was engaged on his own behalf. At such a juncture all that she was able to do was to offer prayers to God, and He heard her. The result was the appearance of a rustic youth clad in rags with a basket on his head and spade on his shoulders. In this garb, he cried out if there were people to engage his services. The old lady was beside herself with joy at the sudden appearance of cooly, and at once she bargained with him. He demanded his wages in advance, but she pleaded her inability to comply with that condition. Nevertheless, she offered to recompense him at the close of the day after selling her cakes, or if he was particular about the advance she expressed her willingness to give him some cakes. He accepted the latter term, got a quantity of the crumblings of the cake, tied it fast to one end of his tattered clothes and set to work to finish the portion allotted to Semmana Selvi. But he was more mindful of devouring the poor woman's cakes than completing the portion assigned to him, and thus relieving her of her responsibility. He would now and then throw a basketful or two of earth at the appointed place, wash down the crumbled cake with the water of the Vaigai, dance about, sing and sleep. When the old lady appealed to him, he assured her of his determination to finish his work, and to have no misgivings about it, and, even prevailed on her to return home. The officers of the King who were superintending the work found that every one except this cooly had done his work satisfactorily. As he was a defaulter who deserved condign punishment, one of the officers asked him to appear before his immediate superior, but he refused to do so. On this he was taken by force. On questoning him he offered no explanation, and he was therefore ordered to be mercilessly flogged. With the first blow, the cooly vanished, and the whole universe received the stroke. Then it was patent that God himself came in the disguise of a day-labourer, in order to demonstrate to the world the piety of Manika Vasagar. By this time the King knew all, and offered to resign his crown in his favour. But the saint had only one wish. It was to be divested of all mundane cares that he might devote all his time to the service of his God Siva. The Pandyan readily acceded to his wishes and relieved him of all his responsibilities.

On this, he again assumed the garb of an ascetic and followed the bent of his will. The first thing he did was to proceed to Teruperumthuray and pay his obeisance to his *Guru*. He spent

a considerable time there and composed no fewer than twenty of his hymns. The next event in the life of the sage was his pilgrimage to sacred shrines. He began it with Uthorakosa Mangay, seven miles from Ramanad, and ended with Chidambaram. Most of the remaining hymns were composed during these visits, and the last mentioned place contributed the largest number. Finding that he had seen enough of the Chola and Pandyan kingdoms, he was anxious to visit Ceylon. At that time Buddhism was the prevailing religion of that Island, and it was also the one supported by the State. Manika Vasagar proceeded to Ceylon and wandered all over the place muttering always something about Ponnambalam or Golden Porch. The professors of Buddhism thought it rather strange that an ascetic with his bowl and staff should always be muttering in the way he did. The intelligence was conveyed to the King who sent for Manika Vasagar. He at first declined to go as he had nothing to do with earthly sovereigns. But at last he stood before him and his chief priest. The latter put Manika Vasagar a number of insulting questions and then vowed he would go to Chidambaram, enter into a disputation with the Hindu votaries there, establish that Buddha was the only God, and the Golden Porch was his shrine. In fulfilment of his vow the chief priest left for Southern India followed by the king who took his tributary presents to his paramount Lord Chola. Manika Vasagar having attained the object of his mission also left the place and returned to Tillay.

On his arrival at Chidambaram, the Buddhist chief priest went direct into the sacred edifice and took up his residence there. When the servants of the temple remonstrated with him and called upon him to quit it, he said that he would not do so till he had vanquished the followers of Siva in a disputation held in the presence of the Chola King and established the image of Buddha in the Golden Porch. The matter was communicated to the 2,999 demi-gods of the place, and on their repeating the remonstrace, they also received the same curt and discourteous reply. On this, the Chola King was summoned with all the learned men in the land, and a day was appointed for the discussion. The name of Manika Vasagar who was living in the suburbs of the city was in a supernatural manner suggested as the proper person to lead the followers of Siva, and he gladly undertook to uphold the cause of Hinduism. The day arrived, and the conference was held in the hall occupied

by the Buddhists. It was literally packed as pious Brahmans and other devotees from every part of the country thronged to the place. The Kings of Chola and Ealam (Ceylon) were in the assembly. The latter was there with his dumb daughter. Manika Vasagar began the contest, and after a hot debate, it came to an end, and the Buddhist priests were dumfounded. The victory was complete. The King of Ceylon prostrated himself before Manika Vasagar and confessed his conversion to the tenets of Siva Sidhanta philosophy, and begged him to give his daughter the power of speech. The prayer was heard. Soon after this, the discomfitted monks renounced their religion, smeared themselves with sacred ashes, put on rosaries of *Eleocarpus* or *Rudraksha* and lived within the precincts of the temple. This was towards the end of the wordly career of Manika Vasagar. He lived to compose a few more hymns, make a collection of all of them and give an authoritative exposition of them. At last he became absorbed in the image of his Maker at Chidambaram.

It will be seen from this sketch of the life of the saint that no mention is made of his visit to Malabar which was a part of the Chera kingdom. At the time we are speaking of, that kingdom was included in the Tamil land or *Tamilagam* as described in the *Tolkappiyam*, the oldest work extant on the science of Tamil literature. As there was free and constant communication between the three Tamil kingdoms—Chera, Chola and Pandya, Manika Vasagar must have been familiar with all the sacred places there. Independently of this fact, a person who was anxious to pay his homage to God at the sacred shrines of the Chola and Pandyan lands and the ancient Taprobane could not but have wished to visit the land of the Perumals with the same object. After relinquishing the office of Prime Minister at Madura, the only place of sanctity in the Pandyan kingdom visited by Manika Vasagar was Uthara Kosa Mangay—his favourite place of resort, though there were many others. The reason is not far to seek. He was born and brought up there, and subsequently directed its destinies. These circumstances must have given him the opportunity of visiting them before he laid down the seals of his office, and it is likely that he did not think it necessary to visit them over again. But as he had not visited all the places in the Chola country and Ceylon, he directed his footsteps towards those regions. In the same way, he must also have gone to Cheralam either during the period of

his ministry or after its close. As far as we have been able to gauge, one of the objects of Manika Vasagar in going to Ceylon was to confront the Buddhists who had overrun the island and convert them to his faith. Recognised Tamil works of antiquity and the researches of European savants of high repute show that Buddhism and Jainism were introduced into Malabar, which formed the major portion of the Chera kingdom, during the earlier period of the Christian era. The professors of the two religions were known to the Tamil speaking followers of the Siva Sidhanta philosophy as *Chamaners*. It is likely that the Christians were also included in that category as the their religion flourished on that Coast side by side with Buddhism and Jainism. A person bent upon a mission of proselytism would naturally have preferred a field nearer home for his labours, to a place situated beyond the seas. By this we do not mean to say that Manika Vasagar did not visit Ceylon; all that we wish to impress upon our readers is, that he must have visited the kingdom of Chera before his advent to Ceylon. In the earlier portion of this paper we made mention of the imperfect and exaggerated view taken by the *Vathavur* puranam, and its unreliability as an historical work. Its silence on the visit of the saint to Malabar may be due to these causes. Again, the *Tiruvasagam* itself is not explicit enough on the subject. When the sage passed on from shrine to shrine, as a rule he immortalised each in a hymn or more, but there are instances in which it does not appear that he dedicated any to some of the sacred places he visited. The Tamil sages, Gnana Sambandar, Appar and Sundarar have sung of every sacred place they visited, and when the first and the third found it a difficult task to cross over to Ceylon to make their obeisance to God at the sacred places there, and sing of them, they posted themselves at Rameswaram on the opposite shore in Southern India, and proclaimed their sanctity. But all their hymns are not extant at present, and the fact is admitted on all hands. When such was the fate of the writings of the later-day saints, the works of Manika Vassagar who is said to have flourished five or six centuries prior to their time, must have shared a worse fate. It is generally supposed that he composed only fifty-one hymns, and that he himself published an authorised edition of the whole of them with the necessary annotations, before his death. For the reasons already stated, we are not prepared to accept this popular view. He must have certainly honoured every holy place he visited with his precious and sacred utterances.

We have already remarked that Manika Vasagar was also anxious to save the souls of his fellow-men. In his perambulations he observed people—particularly women—making use of songs couched in indecent language both in connection with their spiritual and temporal affairs. He tried to reform them by putting into their mouths words capable of elevating their moral tone, and improving their devotional spirit. In the month of Margaly, corresponding to the *Tiruvathira* period in Malabar, it is usual for ladies in the Chola country, particularly at Tiru-Annnamalay, to rise before dawn, awake their slumbering sisters, bathe in the sacred waters, and attend Divine worship. The whole process is accompanied with songs. But as Manika Vasagar was not pleased with those used by them at the time, he composed the *Teruvempavay* or the maidens' song for such use. In the same way, be composed the *Terupot Sunnam* or "gold dust" to be sung when the temple women of Chidambaram pounded gold dust for the use of the God there. He also placed ladies of rank under obligations to him by composing a hymn to be sung during their pastime of *Ammanay* or the tossing of balls. A man like this who wanted to benefit himself and benefit others, would not have allowed opportunities to slip by without taking advantage of them to sing of God and His acts, and thus find balm to his much wearied soul. It may, therefore, be presumed that he must have sung in praise of every sacred place he visited, and that he must have visited all the holy shrines known at the time throughout the Tamil land including the kingdom of Chera. In case no hymn is forthcoming in honour of any known shrine, the inference is that it must have been lost.

With these observations we will now proceed to see if Manika Vasagar did actually visit the Chera country. We have already referred to the King's commission to Manika Vasagar to buy horses for his remount depot, on learning that a host of them had arrived from Arabia at the great sacred harbour, situated in the Chola country. This place is ordinarily called Avedayar Kovil, and according to tradition, the temple there which is noted for the exquisite beauty of its architecture, is said to have been built by the sage. But there is no *Turay*, (which means a port) anywhere near it, and the sea is about 15 or 20 miles from the place. There is also nothing to show that the sea washed Teruperumthuray, and that it has since receded. We are therefore led to conclude that the geographical position of Teruperumthuray has not been correctly given.

From time immemorial there has been a more brisk trade between the Western Coast of Southern India and the regions beyond the Arabian Sea than between the latter and the Eastern Coast. For, the Western Coast is nearer to Arabia, Persia and other countries in Western Asia and Egypt, and the indentations on that Coast, afforded ready protection to ships that came to the shore after long and perilous voyages. Further, pepper, ivory, cardamom, peacocks, feathers, rice and ginger, the principal articles of export to Europe, were more easily procurable in the West Coast of India than anywere else. Mariners sailing from the western countries of Asia and those bordering on them, were so thoroughly familiar with the ports on the Malabar Coast, that a merchantman with a cargo of horses from Arabia must naturally have discharged it there and there only.

There are also other grounds to arrive at this conclusion. The researches of eminent scholars show that the strip of land that lies between the sea and the lagoons in the Malabar Coast did not fully exist 1800 years ago, and that the sea washed the lands that lie on the eastern side of the lakes. According to Mr. Kanakasabhai Pillai, Trippunithura, the residence of His Highness the Rajah of Cochin, Kottayam and Kallada near Quilon must have once been seaports. Even granting that the narrow strips did exist 1800 years ago in their present dimensions, the several bars that communicate with the inland seas were deep enough to admit of the navigation of ships of ordinary size. The Cochin bar was one of them, and we think the waters from it to Trippunithura were navigable for Arab ships or *Pattimars*. Though Cochin and Cranganore had good roadsteads, merchants who were disposed to convey their commodities to the eastern side of the lagoons would have preferred to land them at Trippunithura to avoid a second transport across the inland sea. For, from early times there was communication through the Ghauts, between the Chera and the other two Tamil kingdoms. It was through these the ancestors of the Poonjat and Pandalam Royal families who were scions of the Pandyan house entered Travancore. It was also through the same road that the heroine of the *Chillappathikaram*, one of the ancient Tamil classics, reached the banks of the Periyar to yield up her ghost. It is plain then, that commodities brought from Arabia and the countries about it could easily have been transported via Trippunithura to Madura,

and to the Chola capital. For these reasons, we are of opinion that Trippunithura, the seat of High Highness the Rajah of Cochin, was Teruperumthuray the great sacred harbour referred to in the *Teruvasagam* and the *Teruvelayadal* puranams.

In addition to the grounds already urged and the similarity of names, there is internal evidence in Manika Vasagar's great work, *the Teruvasagam*, to prove that Trippunithura and Teruperumthuray are one and the same. In the second hymn which recites the glories of Siva, the sage delivers himself as follows:—

"In order that the world may be saved, the Lord of the bull came in grace with His Lady partner and bringing horses through the Kudanad he rode dexterously as a horseman.[1] According to Tamil authorities, the countries of Kuttam *i. e.*, Kuttanad and Kudam *i. e.*, Kodagu or Coorg were always under the sway of Chera, and on that ground his empire itself went by those names at times. The term *Kudam* also means west. The whole expression *Kuda nad* may either mean the western lands or the country of Coorg. In either case the effect is the same. The hymn was composed while Manika Vasagar was at Chidambaram. Teruperumthuray lies to the west of that place as well as to the west of Madura, from which Manika Vasagar proceeded on his mission for the purchase of horses for the Pandyan cavalry. It is then evident that he did not go towards the Eastern Coast to reach the great sacred harbour. His destination was the West Coast, and it was there he arranged for horses with the Arabs.

It will naturally be asked why Trippunithura on the West Coast close to Tiruvanchikulam—the western Chidambaram—is not regarded as sacred as the Teruperumthuray of the Eastern Coast by the Tamilians. About 1800 years ago the language of the West Coast of Southern India was undoubtedly Tamil, and the sacred places throughout the three kingdoms were the common property of all the people inhabiting them. But in course of time when they were divided by a difference in their dialects, their interests also became divided. This led to the gradual cessation of intercourse between them. Thus, most of the sacred shrines which have no Indian reputation, diminished in importance in the eyes of the inhabitants of the neighbouring kingdoms. Further, when certain holy places are unapproachable by the fact of their distance and

1. *Teruvasagam* 2nd Hymn, lines 25—29.

other difficulties, some religious enthusiasts are supposed to have the permission of God to visit certain other places nearer home, and to derive the advantage of having visited the former. In this manner Manika Vasagar might have made Teruperumthuray on the Eastern Coast, his favourite place of resort in after life; it may be mentioned here that one of the leading saints, Appar wanted to visit Kylas, but God is said to have ordered him to go to Teruvayar, five miles from Tanjore, on the promise of permitting him to reap the benefit of a pilgrimage to the seat of Siva himself on the Himalayas. In virtue of this convenient arrangement that place is now called *Dekshana-Kylas.* In like manner, many less notable saints appear to have enjoyed similar privileges. Again, there are other sacred places besides Teruperumthuray which bear the same name in the Chola and Chera countries and which have a common origin. By way of illustration, we may instance Kadavur and Teruvalore. The correct name of the former which is situated in the Chola country is Terukadayur, and is not far from Tanjore. It is noted for the sanctity of its cremation ground where Siva is said to have knocked down Yama, the god of death, while he attempted to seize Markandaya in the act of adoring him, and against His express wish. Almost the same scene is enacted annually at Kadavur, two miles from Quilon. Tiruvalore or more correctly Ter-arur near Alwaye in Travancore, and the place which goes by the same name in the Tanjore District, have the same common origin in the valiant and pious acts of Emperor Masukunta of yore. We are not in a position to say which of such places are the original shrines and which their prototypes. When some of the scenes in the Mahabharata and Ramayana are laid in Malabar and particularly in Travancore and Cochin, we do not see why the prime source of sanctity of some of the Dravidian shrines should not be assigned to Malabar. Again, if we are to believe the account of the journey of Manika Vasagar from Madura to Teruperumthuray as depicted in the *Vathavur* puranam, and of his having crossed jungles, hills and valleys, the scene must be be laid in the "land of mountains."

There is still further evidence in support of this view. According to high Tamil authorities, Manika Vasagar is said to have flourished about the beginning of the second century of the Christian era. This conclusion was arrived at by Mr. Tirumala Kolundu

Pillai of Coimbatore, and the late Mr. Suryanarayana Sastry of the Madras Christian College. Very recently, a writer in the Christian College Magazine fixed it a century later, confirming the view of Ittoop, a native writer of Travancore. On pages 81—85 of his work Ittoop says :—

"About the year 270 A. D. a certain Manes who halied from Persia, and who "travelled all over China and other places in the far east, went to Malabar and "tried to influence the Christians there with his own peculiar views a mixture of "Christianity and Buddhism."

He adds :—

"About the same time, a man who was named Manika Vasagar, came from "the Chola country, practised sorcery, healed diseases of man and beast by means "of his incantations, instructed people in the use and efficacy of the sacred ashes. "the five letters or *Panchaksharam* and *Panchakavyam*—the five products of the "cow, and thus established a separate community called the Manigramakars "which was acknowledged by the then reigning sovereign of Malabar—Veera "Ragava Perumal by dubbing the leader of them as "the Loga Perum Chetty" or "the greatest merchant of the world."

The Rev. Mr. Whitehouse tells almost the same tale.[2] According to him the person said to have played the part referred to above, was either Manes the Persian, or Manika Vasagar, the Saiva saint. He calls the five letters the "cabalistic sentences in verse." According to the historian Mosheim, Mr. Whitehouse says :—

"Eight families" were perverted by Manika Vasagar and these so far in- "creased as to form at length a community of ninety-six houses whose members "had renounced the worship of the true God. The reigning Rajah or Perumal "Prince having granted to their headman, Iravi Corttan, ground whereupon a "settlement was formed called Manigramam, they were called Manigramakars or "(as we should say) the people of the village Manes and the remnant of their des- "cendants still bear the same name among the Syrian Christians." (Page 47, Whitehouse.)

Mr. Mackenzie extracts two passages confirming the version given above, but doubts the accuracy of the statements made therein.[3] Dr. Rae, late of the Madras Christian College, thinks that the story connected with the Manechians is a myth. Mr. Subramonia Aiyar, the Census Commissioner of Travancore places the various theories before the public, but abstains from arriving at any definite conclusion.

We think it necessary to digress for a moment. There are writers like Dr. Rae who do not assign to Christianity in Malabar, the hoary age it has secured by the common consent of all. Dr. Rae is of opinion that Christianity must have been introduced into India

2. Lingerings of Light in a Dark Land.

3. Vol. III, The Madras Journal.

by the Nestorians after the consolidation of their Church about the year 450 A. D. It appears that the first authentic account of a fully organised Church on the Malabar Coast was from the pen of Cosmas, an Alexandrian merchant, who visited the place about the year 522 A. D. To quote Dr. Rae, "The Church cannot have been of long "standing, because the Persians, who from of old had a horror of the "sea, had just begun to develop a capacity and a liking for navi- "gation, and to work out schemes of commercial aggrandisement."[4] These are negative proofs, and the Doctor does not positively say when Christianity was introduced into India. We think the following passages from Mr. Mackenzie's book and from the learned and well-digested Census Report of the State of Cochin by Mr. M. Sankara Menon will meet his arguments.

"All the Syrian Christians firmly believe that St. Thomas "landed at Cranganore in the year 52, established seven churches "on this Coast and suffered a martyr's death at Mailapure or "St. Thomas' Mount near the modern city of Madras. This tradi- "tion was widely held from early times, and it has been accepted as "true by many writers of repute. There is in the tradition itself "nothing improbable. At that date there was commerce between "India and Europe by caravans overland, by the Persian Gulf and by "the Red Sea, so that the Apostle could journey to India."[5]

"We have of course no historical evidence for a positive conclusion, and in "the absence of any such, we have to look to circumstantial evidence and balance "the probabilities of the same. Viewed then with an unbiassed mind, the early "traditions, the extensive commercial intercourse that existed between the East "and the West, especially with the Malabar Coast, much anterior to the Christian "era, the testimony of the Holy Fathers investigated and adverted to by "Asseman, the continuity of connection between the Malabar Church and the "Eastern Patriarchs and Bishops from the very earliest times, and numberless "references and anecdotes by travellers, traders, historians and Churchmen,—all "these tend to make the apostolic origin of Christianity in Malabar highly pro- "bable. Moreover, the unique success of the first mission lends additional colour "to this view. It is well known that the earliest converts to Christianity on this "coast were mostly from the higher orders of the Hindu society, and included "among them even Nambudris; the highest class of Malabar Hindus. Consider- "ing the success of the mission in a region of Brahmin orthodoxy, we may suppose "it to have been possible only for a man of consummate wisdom, well versed in "the gospel to present the new creed in a form attractive to a highly religious "and civilized people, and in those early times, none but an Apostle of Christ, an "eye-witness of his life and work, could have been qualified for the work. "The results of subsequent centuries tend forcibly to illustrate the unique charac- "ter of the first mission, for, while the earliest converts were from the higher

4. The Syrian Church in India, p. 116.

5. Christianity in Travancore by Mr. G. T. Mackenzie, page 2.

"castes of the Malayali society, the labours of later missions have been fruitful "almost entirely among the lower orders." (Cochin Census Report, 1901 by Mr. M. Sankara Menon, B. A., Part I, page 44.)

It is not our object to pursue the subject further; Tradition should not be dubbed as "hoax and pious frauds" and "embellishments" meant to give greater sanctity to the religion of Christ, because they are traditions There must be some substratum of truth in all of them, though there might be exaggerations. The differences of opinion noticed above do not go to nullify the theory that Manika Vasagar visited Malabar. If some of the hypotheses put forward by Dr. Rae and others of his school are established, the utmost they can do is to bring the date of Manika Vasagar nearer to ours; but we do not think that they have succeeded in proving their theories. It may therefore be presumed that the advent of St. Thomas to India took place about 52 A. D.

The introduction of the name of Manika Vasagar into the works of writers on Christianity in Malabar does not stand alone as a mere statement uncorroborated by strong circumstantial evidence. Reference has already been made to some of them. We shall now try to obtain some side lights, and the first thing we would do is to trace the origin of the term Manigramam, which is of great archæological value and which contains a mine of information. We have seen that Manika Vasagar occupied the proudest position of the first minister of a great potentate before he had completed his teens. In connection with his forced return to Madura from Teruperumthuray, we have seen that the tongue of jealousy was at work. There were not wanting people to carry tales against the young minister, and there were plausible circumstances against him. In reading between the lines, it seems that Manika Vasagar was nicknamed *Mani*, the Brahmin youth. The word *Mani* is Tamil and means an unmarried Brahman youth or *Brahmachari*. It bears the same meaning in Canarese and Malayalam, but at present the word is confined to designate only Canarese or Tulu speaking Brahman youths, or *Pottys* as they are called in this part of Southern India. The sage was originally known by the name of Vathavur, and when he was appointed the Prime Minister of the Pandyan King he was named Tennavan Perama Rayan. But since that date he must have been known as Mani amongst his subordinates and others to whom his appointment was distasteful. There are sufficient grounds to suppose that he went by the name

of Manika Vasagar towards the latter part of his career. When a person is initiated into the mysteries of the Siva Sidhanta philosophy and renounces the world, it is usual for his *Guru* to call him by a new name. In addition to his other high qualifications, Manika Vasagar was a great *savant*. His culture in the Sanskrit and Tamil literatures was high and his learning was profound. But he was rather partial to his mother tongue, and he became distinguished for his pure diction and the melodious flow of his verses. As people became enamoured of his pious poetical compositions, they gradually changed the word Mani into *Manikam* (ruby) and called him Manika Vasagar, borrowing the sentiment from himself as found in the 26th stanza of the 5th hymn, *viz.*, "My mouth thou mad'st to speak abroad Thy *gem-like word*."[6] When therefore his *Guru* initiated him at Teruperumthuray, he gave him the name of Manika Vasagar or "he of gem-like sentences," recognising the estimation in which he was held as a spiritual and moral teacher.

The term Manigramam then is derived from either Manes, the Persian or Manika Vasagar, the Tamil saint. Here tradition is of immense value, and it is supported by existing circumstances. The Manechians were a heretic sect of Christians as we have already mentioned. Its founder regarded Christianity as incomplete and gave out that he was commissioned by God to perfect the system and lead its votaries to the Truth. Though Manes is said to have associated with the Buddhists of Central Asia during his travels in the far east and practised some of their austerities, still the system was a foreign one, and the difference between it and the Hindu faith was as wide as the poles; and the condition of the descendants of the Manigramakars who are found at present at Quilon, Kayancolam, Manor, Teruvancode and other places in Travancore does not point to any connection with it. Though the Manigramakars do not own themselves as such, and try to screen themselves from being known as the descendants of a set of noble and heroic progenitors, still it is easy for any body to spot the particular families in Travancore. They follow the Hindu faith, and are permitted to enter into all sacred places. In fact, they enjoy almost all the privileges of ordinary Nairs. But, in the case of interdining and intermarriages, there is not that freedom, though the reluctance on the part of those who have stood steadfast to

6. Dr. Popes' translation of Teruvasagam.

their ancestral faith is fast dying out. The following quotation may with advantage be made respecting their present condition.

"These unhappy people are at their ease even among their new friends; they "have not found all their carnal hearts wanted, and God grant they never may; "so that, after feeding on husks, they may be brought to consider their ways, "and turn unto Him whom their forefathers forsook! Though most of them "occupy a respectable position—being very commonly employed about the local "courts; and though they intermarry with Nair, and even Brahmin families, they "are looked down upon by the people of their choice. Thus, if a Nair makes a feast, "the males of the Manigramakar may be invited, but not the females; and if they "make a feast in return, the Nair guests will not eat the food if cooked by any "one of the same caste as their host. When the Nairs and they fall out, it is a "very common thing for the former to upbraid them with their mongrel origin."[1] (Lingerings of Light in a Dark Land, page 50.)

It may be doubted whether Hinduism received back into its fold its misdirected sons. That it was prevalent in the Tamil land, if not elsewhere, can be abundantly proved. The *Vathavur* Puranam refers to such reconversions from Buddhism. Terunavakarasu or Appar who was born and brought up in orthodox Saivism, went to Pataliputram, a seat of learning and the headquarters of Jainism. There he learned its system, and convinced that it was the only true religion, became a convert to it and finally the chief priest of that religion. But owing to subsequent conviction he relapsed into Siva Sidhantism and was received with open arms by its followers. He afterwards became a teacher in that particular faith, and his memory is held in great reverence by the followers of Siva Sidhanta philosophy. Our readers must have heard how Gnana Sambandar became victorious in a disputation between himself and the Jains in the presence of the ruling Pandyan at Madura, how some of the discomfited Jains were reconverted to Siva faith and how the rest were sent to the gallows. Thus, under the Siva Sidhanta which owes its origin to the combined efforts of the Aryans and the Dravidians, there is not the least objection to proselytism.

It is an historical fact that in a *Sassanam* or charter granted in the year 774 by the then Cheraman Perumal, particular mention is made of the Manigramakars along with the Jews. I believe that a special concession was granted to a small but rising community, and according to some writers the then rulers of the country encouraged them in their apostacy. These facts go to show that the charter was not granted to the Christians. Mr. Whitehouse speaks of thirty families of Manigramakars at Quilon and their priest who went by the name of *Naimar*. It seems that he had a subordinate officer who went by the name of *Veera Udayan* armed

with a weapon called *Yamadhuda*, and his duty was to collect the dues from the low class artisans. Mr. Whitehouse adds that the Manigramakars maintained only a remote connection with the Christian Church and that they were desirous of being treated on a footing of equality with their Hindu brethren.[7] In this account there seems to be some reference to a temple dedicated to Badrakali in the vicinity of Quilon, but for fear of wounding the feelings of some of its principal votaries, and office-bearers, we refrain from referring to them more specifically. From these facts we can confidently conclude that the class of Manigramakars do exist at present in Travancore, and likely at Cochin, the place of its origin, that they are descendants [of reconverts from Christianity, that they follow the Hindu faith at present, and that they have been named after Manika Vasagar the Saiva saint.

The legend of the metamorphosis of the foxes of the jungles into well-broken stately steeds bears testimony to the reconversion of the apostate Hindus. The exclusive Aryan religion has not been encouraging proselytism, much less the readmission of its weak-minded sons into its fold. The system of reconversion, as has already been stated, is a purely Dravidian institution and it has always been looked down upon by the Aryans. A story that is current in the Tamil country graphically describes the attitude of its opponents. A certain Sudra who basked in the sunshine of royal favour was requested by his King to name his reward for his fidelity. In response, the favourite said that he wished to be made a Brahman. The King agreed and ordered the necessary ceremonies to be gone through at the river side to bring about the second birth of the man. When the priests were busily engaged, Thennal Raman the court jester carried a jet black dog to the neighbourhood, held it by its legs, and went on striking it hard against a stone which was lying there for the pupose of bleaching clothes. The assembled priests heard the piteous shrieks of the dog, ran up to Thennal Raman and interrogated him with regard to his inhuman act. In reply he said that he was engaged in converting a jet black dog into a snow white one. An idea like this must have been working in the minds of Brahmans when Manika Vasagar—an out and out Dravidian in spirit,—was endeavouring to bring back the Christians of Malabar to their ancestral faith, and they must have given vent to their

7. Vide Lingerings of light in a Dark Land, page, 49.

feelings by giving out that he wanted to convert foxes into horses. As time went on, the statement must have been handed down from generation to generation till it came to be believed as true and found a place in two of the Purnnams of the Dravidians.

From a traditionary account related by Mr. Whitehouse[8] it seems that the labours of Manika Vasagar extended as far as Cape Comorin. In the north they began at Malankara close to Cranganore.

In addition to the testimony which has been set forth to establish the visit of Manika Vasagar to Malabar, it may be mentioned that the language of the *Teruvasagam* also goes to confirm the fact. Though a language that is spoken or written in different parts of a country may be pure, still every place has its own peculiarity of words and expressions. One of the ancient Tamil classics—*viz.*, *Chillappathikaram* is undoubtedly a production of the Malabar Coast, and it contains a large number of words which are ordinarily used in the Malayalam language, but made an extraordinary use of in old Tamil classics. There is a good deal of resemblance between the language of the *Chillappathikaram* and *Teruvasagam*, and we think that both of them must have belonged to one and the same age. Competent authorities have assigned the *Chillappathikaram* to the beginning of the second century of the Christian era which was also the close of the last session of the third academy of Madura. The same period may be assigned to the *Teruvasagam* and its author, and the view is confirmed by Terumala Kolundu Pillai and Suryanarayana Sastry.

T. PONNAMBALAM PILLAI.

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8. See page 47.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

SAKUNTALA.

BY MR. R. VASUDEVA ROW, B. A.

(Messrs. G. A. Natesan and Co., Esplanade, Madras. Price one rupee.)

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Mr. R. Vasudeva Row's *Sakuntala*, the first of the series of *Idylls of Ancient Ind* kindly sent to us for review by the enterprising firm of Messrs. G. A. Natesan and Co. We may at once begin by saying that we cannot congratulate the author upon his resolve to render the immortal *Sakuntala* into English verse. *Sakuntala* ranks as a work of high and enduring excellence, and an attempt to render the thoughts and fancies of the immortal bard of Ujini into English verse cannot be attended with any very great measure of success. The genius of the Sanskrit language and that of English are as wide as the poles. The thoughts and fancies of some eastern poets are so very subtle that they do not easily lend themselves to translation. When these are presented in a western garb they appear to be uncouth, not to say, outlandish. We have had occasion to go through an English translation of *Sakuntala* by a well-known Western *savant*, and we must say that he has not succeeded in preserving the spirit of the original. If he had succeeded in doing so, it would have been nothing less than a miracle. We have no faith in translations of this kind. Those who want to know something of the real greatness of some of the greatest of the Sanskrit poets who have shed a halo of glory on this ancient land of *rishis* and sages must make their acquaintance with them at first hand. We are aware that Mr. Vasudeva Row has taken immense trouble to make his translation as attractive as possible, and his book is not bad reading. It will be impossible for him to obtain a niche in the temple of fame, and it seems to us that an author of his undoubted abilities would be able to leave some enduring mark of his ability were he to turn his attention to something that is more useful than writing verses in a foreign language,--verses which will be buried in oblivion ere long. If the budding poets of this country would remember the advice of *Punch* to those who are about to marry, they would be doing themselves and the public a good turn.

OTHELLO AND THE CRASH OF CHARACTER.

BY THE REV. DR. MILLER, M. A., LL. D. C. I. E.

(Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co., Esplanade, Madras.)

"Of all the women" Dr. Miller very truly says "whom Shakespeare has created, 'the gentle lady married to the Moor' is probably the one who is most firmly seated in the heart of every one who sits as learner at the poet's feet. Others of them we may perhaps admire more. The deeds of yet others may better stand our criticism; but to Desdemona, to her gentle submissiveness, to her unalterable love, to her insight into the true character of the man to whom she has devoted her whole being because she knows him to deserve it and above all to her purity, we always turn as to the truest impersonation of womanhood." This exquisite creature, so tender and affectionate, so domestic, so full of sympathy and insight, and so very delicately sensitive, intensely loves and marries one who is precisely her moral complement. Othello is "strong and resolute, generous and magnanimous, both fit and ready to encounter danger and undertake responsibility." "And if life had but gone well with them, would not she and her husband have presented a perfect picture of the relation which marriage should create?" What have they done to deserve the catastrophe which closes their lives? Are there not men and women with characters blotted with a thousand specks, who live and lay down their lives peacefully, without being summoned to endure the terrible agony which falls to the lot of Othello and Desdemona? Upon these and many other tough moral riddles which face all thoughtful students of *Othello*, Dr. Miller brings his keen insight, and his wide and varied experience to bear. And in the result, we have before us here a singularly fresh and scholary contribution to Shakespearean criticism, which bears on every page the impress of the most careful and devoted study of him who stands among the very greatest among the great sons of the earth.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE VEDANTA.

(Messrs. G. A. Natesan and Co., Esplanade, Madras. Price 12 Annas).

The system of the Vedanta is one of the most valuable products of the genius of some of the greatest thinkers of Ancient India. The late Professor Max Muller, in his lectures on the Vedanta

Philosophy, says :—" Such speculations are apt to make us feel giddy; but whatever we may think about them they show at at all events to what a height Indian philosophy had risen in its patient climb from peak to peak, and how strong its lungs must have been to be able to breathe in such an atmosphere." A system of philosophy which has evoked such warm commendation from one of the greatest of European *savants* deserves to be studied with care and attention. The Vedanta philosophy is a heritage worth more than a kingdom's fee, and it is a pity that Indians fight shy of it from a misconceptton of its scope and objects. Time was when Indians studied the Vedanta and the kindred systems of philosophy. Those halcyon days are gone, and in their place we have come to a time when our attention is engrossed with "the ordinary temptations of the world, the flesh and other powers." We have to remember that material comforts cannot satisfy the higher self and are not the be-all and the end-all of man's existence in this world. He has a higher mission to fulfil, and the sooner he realises this, the better it will be both for himself and the world in which he lives. Indians are said to be a nation of philosophers. If this statement is correct, it is correct only in this sense, that their knowledge of philosophy is latent and potential and requiries to be made kinetic to be of any service to them. Schopenhuer says that the Vedanta is sooner or later destined to become the faith of the people, and Dr. Goldstucker has it that it is the sublimest machinery set into motion by oriental thought. A system which has two such adherents deserves to be carefully read, marked and inwardly digested.

Messrs. G. A. Natesan and Co., deserve to be congratulated on their happy idea of collecting in book form the articles on the Vedanta that appeared in the *Brahmavadin* and the *Indian Review*. We have no doubt that the various aspects of the subject so ably presented in the neat little book before us by men like Swami Vivekananda, Max Muller and Swami Saradananda will stimulate the reader to a due appreciation of the eternal principles of the Vedanta.

This number contains 23 extra pages.

Our reviews of the books already acknowledged are unavoidably held over for another number.

We beg to inform our readers that the article entitled 'Sir A. Seshiah Sastry: A Few Reminiscences' appeared in the latest number of the *Calcutta Review*. The article was first sent to us at our request for publication in this Review. As it was not sent up in sufficient time for the March number, we told the writer that it would find a place in the June number. We went to press in April in connection with the current number and inserted the above article. When more than six forms of the number were struck off, we were told by the writer of the article that he would like to have it cancelled as it was accepted by the Editor of the *Calcutta Review* and that he would write us another article. For obvious reasons we were not able to comply with this request. We have thought it necessary in the interests of this journal to explain these facts lest it be thought that the article in question was extracted from the *Calcutta Review* without acknowledgement. We are very sorry for what has happened. Our only consolation is that the interesting matter furnished to the readers of the journal by the able writer of the Life of the late lamented statesman Sir A. Seshiah Sastry will be new to a very large majority of our constitutents as they do not go in for the *Calcutta Review*. We hope that the writer of the article to whom we are under immense obligations will put a charitable construction upon this explanation and take it in the spirit in which it is intended.—Ed. M. Q. R.

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